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A COLLEGE FETICH.¹

THE traditional and occasionally oppressive décorum of the Commencement exercises at Harvard College has now and then been diversified by a sensational incident. The last festive occasion was distinguished by two events of the kind. The first was the somewhat embarrassing relations into which the university was brought with the chief magistrate of the ancient and honorable commonwealth of Massachusetts. The second was the decidedly revolutionary assault which was made upon the classical traditions of the college by a gentleman of an honored name and well-earned reputation and of no inconsiderable tho peculiar, personal and public influence. From the awkwardness of the first predicament both parties were happily extricated by the admirable tact which was displayed on both sides. Whether the interests of the college and of the higher education will gain or lose by the latter must be determined by the arbitrament of time. The assault upon the classical traditions of a century and a half is not significant alone from the energy with which it was urged or the high authority by which it was enforced. It is well understood that it represents the opinions of not a few eminent educators, and that the chief proposition which it embodies had many years ago been somewhat hesitatingly urged by the adventurous and sanguine President of Harvard College. We say, the proposition which it makes. We correct ourselves: we ought rather to say, the most prominent of several propositions which are directly or indirectly suggested and upon which Mr. Adams bestows the chief stress

¹ A COLLEGE FETICH: An Address delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa, in Sanders's Theatre, Cambridge, June 28, 1883. By Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

of his varied and multiform argument ; viz., the formal abandonment of the study of Greek as a condition for admission to college of all candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students are already admitted to many colleges without any knowledge of Greek, as to Harvard College and Cornell and Michigan Universities, and even to Yale College—to the first as irregular or special students with no expectation of a degree of any kind ; to Cornell and Michigan Universities as candidates for special degrees, but not in arts ; and to Yale College as members of the Sheffield Scientific School and candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science. Had Mr. Adams acquainted himself as thoroughly with the constitution of the manifold and multiform so-called colleges and universities in this country as he has mastered the merits and defects of the working of our railway systems, he would have noticed that the very arrangement for which he contends has already been introduced into several highly respectable and numerous colleges and universities, with one difference, viz., that a knowledge of Greek, as yet, is universally retained as a condition of the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Possibly, had he been disciplined by such a training in German in place of Greek and in French instead of Latin as he contends would have fitted him for a more successful discharge of the special functions of modern life to which he has been called, he would not have fallen into this inadvertence.

We call attention to this as the real and single question which is at issue, for the reason that Mr. Adams's position in respect to it is the one single position which he maintains with any considerable tenacity or consistency from the beginning to the end of his discourse. In respect to the many other questions which he raises and with regard to which he expresses many shrewd altho often inconsistent but always pronounced and dogmatical opinions, different readers may agree or disagree with him, and yet dissent most positively from his main position in respect to the study of Greek as an essential element in a classical education. These rambling and not always coherent remarks in respect to secondary topics are often shrewdly and forcibly put. They are generally bright and amusing, furnishing ample and stimulating food for thought even when they produce no conviction, or exciting the critic to interpose his caveat

or correction more frequently than the patience of ordinary readers would endure. The simplicity, the piquancy, the plausibility, and the essential one-sidedness and superficiality of many of these half true and wholly true remarks impart to the discourse more than usual interest; while the occasion on which it was uttered, the authority of the speaker, and the sympathetic favor with which it was received invest the discourse itself with an importance to which otherwise it would not be entitled.

Our readers will have inferred that the writer does not accept the position of Mr. Adams, that Greek should not be required in a classical education, much less that the attachment to Greek is a blind and superstitious devotion to a fetich, as Mr. Adams bravely but with a somewhat ambitious Quixotism affirms. We do not, however, affirm that the place of Greek in a classical curriculum or a liberal education is beyond discussion or dispute. There are not a few eminent educators, who are also eminent scholars and teachers of Greek, who hold with Mr. Adams that for various reasons Greek should be abandoned as a study invariably required, and should be relegated to the class of special or elective studies, while Latin is retained as one of the studies required for the Bachelor's degree. It is in view of these facts and of the general unsettledness of the public mind in regard to this question that we offer a few critical remarks upon the discourse of Mr. Adams, not confining ourselves to the discussion of the central question which we have indicated, but taking the liberty to comment upon a few of the many lively remarks which make this discourse so unique and so interesting. We make no apology because we need none for speaking freely of any position in a critical essay which is characterized by such untrammelled tho brilliant liberty of speech.

We propose to follow the order of topics discussed by the author so far as our own estimate of the importance of the principles concerned and the weight or weakness of the author's arguments will allow.

Mr. Adams commences by what seems an ungracious and unfilial reference to his own college life, which he represents as having been pleasant as a pastime indeed, but mainly misspent and unprofitable as a training for his future life, and especially for

this life in its modern peculiarities. While he acknowledges that he learned some useful lessons, he declares that "as a training-place for youth, to enable them to engage to advantage in the actual struggle of life—to fit them to hold their own in it and to carry off its prizes—I must in all honesty say that, looking back through the years and recalling the requirements and methods of the ancient institution, I am unable to speak of it with all the respect which I could wish. Such training as I got useful for the struggle, I got after instead of before graduation, and it came hard; while I never have been able—and, no matter how long I may live, I never shall be able—to overcome some great disadvantages which the superstitious and wrong theories and worse practices of my Alma Mater inflicted upon me." We cannot doubt that Mr. Adams was honest in the convictions which he expressed, but we cannot conceal our surprise at two or three striking omissions in the theory and logic of the argument into which this severe accusation is subsequently expanded.

First of all, we are surprised that Mr. Adams has nowhere adverted to the possibility that a system of education may be the most perfectly adapted to subsequent success in life—and even to success in modern life, with all its peculiarities—and yet fail of the best results by reason of indolence or want of enthusiasm or stupidity or perverseness on the part of the student. So far as we are informed we do not learn that the students have always been diligent and enthusiastic and successful in those colleges and departments of colleges in which Mr. Adams's favorite curriculum has been actually adopted and thoroughly tried for at least half a score of years, i.e., in which Latin has been made the "fundamental" or disciplinary ancient tongue, and German has taken the place of Greek, and Anglo-Saxon and English and French have been made prominent with the promise or expectation of meeting the peculiarities of modern life. So far as we are informed or can judge there are as many students under these supposed favorable circumstances who fail to achieve eminent success as under the old system—i.e., as many students who might have occasion with our confident critic to complain of the failure of their college career. Mr. Adams seems to forget that at least *three* solutions may be given for the apparent failure of his own college life, of which he has recognized but one. *First*, the failure was only

apparent but not real, or not to the extent which he imagines. He derived more advantage than he is now aware of even from the Greek, of which he says, "I have now forgotten the Greek alphabet, and I cannot read all the Greek characters if I open my Homer." There are many students who have forgotten much of their Greek and Latin and more of their mathematics and science, with all the adaptation of the last two to modern life, who have reaped from them the largest harvests of intellectual power. *Second*, the curriculum may have been wisely selected and the teaching may have been imperfect. If "a limp superficiality" characterized the teaching at Harvard College in Mr. Adams's time, it will also account, in part at least, for the failure of his college life. We do not believe this to have been true. We prefer to believe that Mr. Adams was mistaken. *Third*, the student may neglect and render futile the most wisely selected curriculum, even when enforced by the most skilful and zealous teaching. The last supposition is not only possible, but in many cases it is confessed to have been true by students themselves when they look back upon the manifold opportunities of their college life. It is sad, but it is true, that more than half the members of every college class will acknowledge that they have failed to make the most efficient use of the opportunities of college life. The reasons why are manifold, but the fact cannot be questioned that very many earnest and conscientious students fail to use the energy, the perseverance, and the zeal which every severe college curriculum must suppose and which it is fitted to reward with the highest satisfaction. Very many well-meaning youth are misled by the exuberance of intellectual power, the variety of their tastes, the confidence of youthful ambition, the fascination of special activities, or the illusions of a false theory of culture and of life, to say nothing of the many whom indolence and passion and procrastination cheat out of the golden days which self-discipline and self-control can alone turn to the noblest uses. We know nothing of Mr. Adams's college life, but we are not forced to choose between the horns of the dilemma which he proposes, that either the curriculum at Harvard was well selected and well administered or Mr. Adams would not have concluded that he derived from it scant advantages. We amend the dilemma by asserting that possibly

he did derive a very great advantage from it, or if he did not, that the curriculum was possibly not in fault, but Mr. Adams himself.

We are gratified to observe that Mr. Adams does not definitely favor the so-called New Education so far as it proscribes disciplinary studies, and by no means would approve the introduction of the elective system on the grand scale in which it is allowed at Harvard. He insists positively that a few "fundamental" studies are the condition and basis of a sound culture. He does indeed emphasize most earnestly the peculiarities of modern life as requiring a special preparation, but he accepts and repeats the golden truth that one study well mastered is better than a score only half learned. But he is possessed with the fancy that German and English can be made to serve as fundamentals more effectively than Latin and Greek; that is, can be made the medium of needed discipline more perfectly because they can be more thoroughly learned than Greek, while the influence of their modern realism and their affinities with modern thought and modern science will of themselves incite to thoroughness and zeal and success:—in other words, that were Greek and possibly Latin omitted as essentials in the college curriculum, and did German and French take their place, the course of study would be more efficient for its disciplinary value and be unspeakably more useful by reason of its closer practical affinities with modern science and modern life. To think otherwise in his view is stupid and superstitious; but so inveterate is this superstition among college men that Mr. Adams has little hope that it will easily be abandoned, and therefore he assumes the attitude of a Hebrew prophet and uses his well-known powers of irony and invective to arouse the university men of the country from their fetich-worship of the Greek language and to reconstruct their academic and university systems after the inspiration of modern ideas. What such an academic education might be when thoroughly modernized he sketches in an attractive delineation, altho it reminds us somewhat of the advertisement of a cheap boarding-school in which the public are informed that French and German are the only languages "spoken in the establishment."

Before we discuss the question as to the soundness and prac-

ticability of this theory of university studies, we may be allowed to say a word in respect to the testimony which Mr. Adams gives of his own experience of the workings and the value of the classical and collegiate curriculum, and as a preparation for professional and even for business life. The question is interesting and important how far this testimony would be confirmed by that of the majority of professional and business men who have been educated at the American colleges. We are perfectly well aware that the remembrances of the severity of the drill and the constant and unrelenting pressure of the exactions are painfully felt by not a few college graduates, and that many look back with shivering associations to the want of intellectual interest and of personal enthusiasm for the studies which were rigidly imposed. Sometimes, and not unjustly, college and university teachers are blamed for the want of personal interest in and sympathy with their pupils, not infrequently for their want of skill and fidelity in bringing the subject-matter of their teaching within their ready apprehension. But whether or not the teaching was in fault, the conviction is generally confessed that the pupil himself was usually more in fault than either the curriculum or the instructor, and that had the pupil only exercised a reasonable faith in those wiser than himself and achieved a moderate fulfilment of his better resolutions, he would have reaped an invaluable harvest from his neglected opportunities. At the same time it is also confessed that even an enforced and reluctant attention and constrained study have left invaluable impressions upon his character and his life. It is also to be observed that what are called modern studies, whether mathematical or linguistic, scientific or political, make up very largely the curriculum in all our colleges. The pure and applied mathematics and physics also have close and intimate relations to modern life—even to railway management; other sciences are intimately connected with politics and government, with law, medicine, and theology; while the modern languages are distinctly recognized as essential conditions of professional and business success, or accomplishments of gentlemanly culture. While it is observed that in some of these studies a more intelligent interest is awakened as the mind becomes mature and the responsibilities of life are anticipated, it is not observed that in

these boyish years the mathematics or physics or German or French are more diligently and enthusiastically pursued because of their apprehended relations to the modern life for which the boy has as yet but infrequent thoughts and slender cares. In short, all experience with college students and college graduates establishes the conclusion that intellectual training must to a large extent be directed by the judgment that anticipates the result from its own instructed experience and be accepted by the faith of those who trust the judgment of others. In other words, education in the "fundamentals" cannot be tested by the direct impression which it makes on the pupil, especially in his passing experience, nor always by his reflective judgment of the advantages which he has consciously reaped from his studies as he makes them, but rather from the conclusions which he forms of their value when he reviews his course from the standpoint of reflective experience. It is true that now and then a good student who has made the most of his college curriculum, under the ardent desire that he were the master of the German or French or chemistry or physics, which he has immediate occasion to use, will express his impatient regret that the time spent on Latin or Greek or the pure mathematics or philosophy had been bestowed upon the special study which he could just at the present moment turn to some practical account. Sometimes he condemns the whole college system as seriously defective because it did not anticipate his present wants and make him a specialist rather than seek to train him to the capacity to become a specialist when necessity should require it. Such college students reason about as unreasonably as does Mr. Adams when he intimates, or rather his logic requires him to assert, that Harvard College ought to have furnished him with a riding-school in order to fit him for his profession as a cavalry officer, or trained him in a machine-shop and a chemical laboratory in order to qualify him to be a Railway Commissioner, even tho neither Harvard College nor Mr. Adams could foresee that he was to be either. We know very well that Mr. Adams is too much of a man to say or even to think any such nonsense as this, especially when he expresses himself as orthodoxly as a Scotch Calvinist in respect to the necessity of "the fundamentals." And yet his logic in respect to the

adaptation of a college education to modern life, if it has any force, would require these extreme conclusions.

But granting that those college graduates are somewhat numerous who would give the same testimony as Mr. Adams in respect to the want of adaptation of college teaching and college study to their own subsequent necessities, we affirm that the number is far greater, and the testimony is far more weighty, of those who are ready to declare that the college course as it has been administered for the last fifty years has proved to themselves an admirable preparation for a great variety of professional and practical careers. We believe we may say that scarcely a man can be found who has mastered the college course with his best energies and has been endowed with a moderate share of practical common-sense who would not be forward to assert that his college studies have proved all that he could expect and the best which he could desire for his subsequent success in practical life. We well recollect hearing a lawyer of the highest eminence in New York City, towards the close of his very successful career at the bar, give his testimony several years since in an assembly of college graduates at the Commencement festivities of his Alma Mater, somewhat as follows: 'Very early in my practice I found myself committed to a case which related to some patent machinery. I had never before been familiar with machinery of any kind, and the little that I learned in college upon such subjects was of the least possible service. But I had been trained by the discipline of the college to apply my mind with discrimination and continuity to every question which I encountered till I had mastered it, and I found little difficulty in mastering this my first case in machinery, and still less in every one which followed. My capacity to meet and master the new subjects which I have encountered in succession in my long professional life was acquired by the discipline of my college life.' One of the most, if not the most, eminent fathers of modern physics was once asked by what process he was able to achieve his wondrous discoveries of the secrets of nature; and he replied, *By always intending my mind.* The chief design of college discipline is to train the mind to this capacity and habit, and the discipline can never be fairly judged except as this its chief end is distinctly kept in view. Mr.

Adams and his friends would doubtless be forward to concede and assert this. Indeed, as we have seen, Mr. Adams not only formally insists on a few fundamental studies as "essential to a well-chosen curriculum, and also that, as respects the fundamentals, the college training should be compulsory and severe," but it seems to be his sincere conviction that the modern languages can be made more effective to this end, for two or three reasons which he rather suggests than expands. The one is that with the longer time than can possibly be assigned to classical studies, i.e., with an earlier beginning and a longer prosecution, they can be more thoroughly mastered, and hence can give the conscious experience of a single piece of work which is thoroughly done. The other consideration is no less positively implied, and that is that these languages have closer relations to modern life, and therefore can be more easily and completely acquired and wrought into the habits of the living man of modern times.

These thoughts bring before us more distinctly what we have already recognized more than once as the one position of special interest in Mr. Adams's discourse, and that is the position that Greek should be abandoned as one of the fundamentals in a college curriculum to which "the training should be compulsory and severe." The question is a fair one, What are the reasons why this position should be rejected, or what advantages does the Greek possess over German and French in this regard, especially when they are set over against the manifest advantages of longer time, more complete achievement, and a nearer relationship to modern ideas?

The answer which we make to this fair question is this. The ancient languages in their structure, their thoughts, also in the imagery which their literature embodies, are better fitted than any modern language can be for the single office of training the intellect and the feelings and the taste; and in every one of these advantages the Greek is pre-eminently superior to the Latin. They are, indeed, remote from modern life in respect of any worthy scientific conceptions of nature, but they are very near to the universal intellect and heart in respect of their exemplification of that curiosity and wonder which are the perpetual inspiration of all science. They are also pre-eminent for that clear insight and

lucid speech without which the loftiest pretensions of science, whether ancient or modern, must sooner or later be rejected, and for inexorable exemplification of consistency with fact and with itself which is incarnated in the Greek geometry and the Greek logic. The perfection of the Greek language as an instrument for the perpetual training of the mind of the later generations is no accident of climate or atmosphere or other physical environment, however much the physical condition of man may have contributed to its perfection, but is rather to be ascribed to the fresh and energetic activity of cultivated man, as he was gradually awakened to the most important facts of this mundane existence.

The Greek language gives us in form and structure all that we can desire, and the best that the race could attain, when first in its riant and next in its reflective youth it looked out upon nature and looked in upon the human soul and constructed commonwealths and sought after social and domestic order and perfected art and was entranced with beauty, and only failed to find the living God and a blessed moral life and a satisfying spiritual immortality. The student who in any satisfying sense masters the Greek language so as to analyze it and to read its plainer prose and its fluent poetry with moderate facility has mastered the key with which to unlock all other languages. He not only has not wasted or misapplied the time which he might have better applied to German and French, but if he expects to learn German and French with the greatest facility and with anything like a complete mastery, he uses his time with the best economy by learning the elements of Latin or Greek before he proceeds to the two modern tongues. He does this because by acquiring the grammar of the Greek or the Latin he conforms himself to the norms of universal grammar, and learns once for all what the organism of language signifies when it is successfully applied to the expression of clear discrimination and coherent reasoning, of noble aspiration and pathetic emotion. Even Mr. Adams towards the end of his discourse concedes a place for the Latin, and in the revision of his radical ideas admits that it may be worth while to study it thoroughly for reasons not unlike those which we have given for the study of Greek. He assumes, however, that the Greek is too complicated and the

study of it too laborious to be consistent with the claims of modern science and the mastery of modern literature. Against this view we contend that the reasons for the study of Latin apply with pre-eminent force to the study of Greek; and that with a wise economy of the time of the pupil in early life, and a skilful method of teaching, the Greek and Latin can both be mastered, with no actual waste of time, but with a geometrical increase of facility in the command of the modern languages, and consequently an immense gain to the culture of the student. The logic of Mr. Adams's own arguments, and the inferences from his own concessions, would require him to accept the conclusion that Greek and Latin when thoroughly learned must impart a great increase of facility in acquiring the modern languages so far as these are required for the student's use. Leaving the question at present for further consideration whether the difficulty of mastering the Greek language has not been misconceived or grossly exaggerated by Mr. Adams, we return to a point which is more important, and which we think he has most seriously misapprehended, and that is the absence of all relationship between the college curriculum which includes Greek and Latin and excludes English, French, and German, and our peculiar, engrossing, and hurried modern life, with its physical science, its railways, its telegraphs, and its electrical light.

We are embarrassed in our attempts to make Mr. Adams consistent with himself, when he concedes so much to the Latin after having coupled it so closely with the Greek, and alternately excluded it from and included it in his ideal curriculum. We are still more surprised at the inadvertent remark concerning the Greek into which he has fallen, when he observes that the Latin "has its modern uses" apart from its literature, having "by common consent been adopted in scientific nomenclature," while Greek, "unlike Latin," "is a language which has no modern uses;" "not only is it a dead tongue, but it bears no immediate relation to any living speech or literature of any value." Surely Mr. Adams has not forgotten that the nomenclature of modern chemistry and geology and natural history is characteristically and thoroughly Greek, and that it has proved its unmatched and peculiar superiority by the readiness with which it has yielded itself to the service of these complicated and

ever-growing sciences in their needs of a symmetrical and germinant vocabulary. We are not so much surprised that our critic should have forgotten some of the Greek characters as that he has committed so great an oversight in his comparative estimate of the relation of Greek and Latin to modern ideas and modern science. We might expect a similar illiteracy in Mr. Spencer or Mr. Huxley, but hardly from so well-informed a critic as the sharp and critical Mr. Adams.

We contend that, for the very reasons given by Mr. Adams in his forcible delineations of modern life, the old classical training is needed more than ever as a preparation and a corrective—it is no paradox to say as a preparation because a corrective. The rush and hurry of our modern activity need the infusion of a calmer spirit and of steadier thoughts. Its rash and eager generalizations and its exaggerated statements need strong and steady thinkers who were trained in the school of severe definitions and sharp conceptions and steady and clear-eyed good sense. The extravagant oratory, the sensational declamation, the encumbered poetry, the transcendental philosophy, the romantic fiction, the agnostic atheism, the pessimistic dilettanteism, to which modern speculation and modern science and modern poetry tend, need now and then a “season of calm weather,” such as a dialogue of Plato, an oration of Demosthenes, a tragedy of Sophocles, or a book of Homer, or at least a letter of Cicero, an ode of Horace, or a book of Virgil, to quiet the fevered spirit. Even if it is too much to expect that the modern student shall retain the power or find the time to read from a classic writer, it will be of no slight value to call to mind the remembrance of the time when ancient thought and ancient feeling and ancient diction engrossed our attention for hours, and we breathed the fresh and breezy and possibly the frosty air of the morning of the world’s culture, and ourselves were strong and hopeful and clear-eyed—before the modern world with its stern and savage conflicts were upon us and its bewildering problems demanded their instant solution. We feel no disposition to deny the peculiarities of modern life. We acknowledge that Goethe and Schiller and Kant and Lotze and Schopenhauer and Coleridge and Tennyson and Spencer and Darwin and scores of others engross the attention and occupy

the energies and disturb the waking thoughts of the men of the present; but alas for them—we say emphatically, alas for every one of them—if they have never been men of the past in their thoughts and by their studies; alas for them if in their life's morning they have never known anything of the world's spiritual morning in its crisp and clear thoughts, in its glowing yet modest imagery, in its ardent yet subdued emotion, and its energetic yet tasteful speech; and alas for the generation that is content with the inspiration and guidance of teachers who must take all their impressions of ancient life from superficial and second-hand criticisms and sketches!

We know very well it will be said that this view of the influence of Latin and Greek studies upon the majority of school and college boys and youth is simply imaginary; that there are comparatively very few who derive any definite or permanent impressions of ancient life from their early training; that with the majority of youth this is pure task-work, mechanical and repulsive to the last degree, exerting no intellectual influence and kindling no inspiration. In reply it is only fair to say that in judging of the effects of a course of studies a sharp distinction should be made between the impressions which are actually received and the reflective recognition of these impressions by the recipient and his own consequent estimate of them. A boy, for example, may gain impressions for life of ancient thought and feeling by the painful reading of a single book of Virgil, without being sensible of any effect except the sense of drudgery in learning his lessons, while yet it may be true that the memory of the scenes and sentiments which it presents or suggests, and even of the conceptions and modes of thinking, may remain with him during all his subsequent life. We instance a book of Virgil, for it recalls the remark of a college classmate in a casual conversation concerning the value of the classical curriculum. He himself had entered college very late in life, after the briefest possible course of preparation which gave him "small Latin and less Greek." The most of his life had been spent in manufactures and trade, and he would be the last man to put a factitious estimate on college learning as such. We were conversing upon its value to a man devoted to practical affairs, and the writer can never forget the enthusiasm of

his assent to the remark that an intelligent boy who had been able to spell out by the hardest labor a single book of Virgil, and only that, had thereby been introduced to a new world. His enthusiasm was doubtless kindled by his own distinct recollection of what his little Latin had been to him during his subsequent busy and practical life. Mr. Adams does not recollect any such revelations to himself, but it does not follow that they were never made. We believe they were made before the period of conscious reflection and distinct remembrance, and that for this reason he counts "his small Latin and less Greek" to have been a sheer waste of time. He does recollect the time when he was fond of reading "and so learned English" himself and "with some thoroughness." And yet "his thoughts were expressed in abominable English"—the consequence, as he would intimate, of his not receiving a thorough and critical training in the language. We believe his English to have been far better than he thinks it to have been, and that he learned quite as much of his English through his Latin and Greek as through his extensive reading of English authors. And yet he insists that when the modern languages, English included, shall be taught critically and conversationally in his modern academy, the thorny stem of grammatical analysis shall flower with the roses of beauty and delight, and the youthful student, confronting nothing but modern ideas in modern phraseology, shall find grammar and criticism and composition and conversation in German, French, and English to be a perpetual delight, while the consciousness that these studies are immediately useful shall make the face of every boy to be animated with perpetual sunshine. Only put away from the temple of knowledge this "college fetich" of the Greek language and the spontaneous and natural piety of ingenuous boyhood shall break forth in finished utterances of Latin, French, German, and English speech. What are the hard and solid facts as contrasted with his romantic expectations we have endeavored to state and defend; and these are that the analytic and constructive study of language, to the youthful mind as to any mind, is an artificial process which involves reflection and effort; that the ancient languages are the best introduction and discipline for these activities; and that their remoteness from modern ideas and modern construction is an

advantage rather than an objection to their use for this purpose. The modern world will overtake the university scholar soon enough at the latest with its engrossing cares, its hurried movement, its peculiar objects-matter, with its unromantic contempt for the past and its more than romantic confidence in the future. The classically disciplined scholar who like Mr. Adams is swept into a cavalry saddle will make an excellent officer without being aware, as Mr. Adams seems not to have been, that his university training gave him the best general training for military life that he could require, except perhaps skill in horsemanship. Should he subsequently be called to fill a novel place in railway administration, and if he possess the strong common-sense and stern independence and acute insight which it requires, he may succeed as well as Mr. Adams has done by the aid of the discipline of which he speaks contemptuously and almost ignorantly. It is certainly no new thing for children, even those of an older growth, to fail to appreciate the value of the training to which they owe all their success in life, and to esteem those features of it the least to which they owe the most.

The argument of Mr. Adams we observe is limited almost entirely to his own experience. With the exception of four generations of the Adams family and the characteristic and flippant testimony of Thomas Jefferson, he makes little account of the unshaken convictions and the professed faith of many generations of English and German men of affairs as to the approved value of classical training in fitting men for spheres of action to which their training had no other adaptation than that of sharpening the intellect and maturing the manhood by the discipline of classical tongues and mathematical processes in the open and breezy sunlight of the early morning of the world's civilization. The statesmen and practical leaders who have gone from the universities of Great Britain into her colonies and her Indian Empire have not found it so very difficult to learn the special civilization or the languages of the countries to which they have gone, altho both are more unlike the life of England or Athens or Rome than the modern life which so overwhelms the imagination of Mr. Adams can possibly be strange to his world of twenty-seven years ago, when he left Harvard College. And yet we find that men go almost directly

from the classic gymnasia, where they have made their grand preparation, into fields of diplomacy or administration, all over the world, to make their special preparation for their life-work by learning in the saddle and in the field the languages and manners and institutions of the people with whom they have to do, after they have, in a certain sense, entered into the responsibilities of practical life.

Mr. Adams would make a great ado over the helplessness, say, of a man whose connection with railway interests should send him to Texas or Mexico without the mastery of the written and spoken Spanish language, and leaps to the conclusion that for this reason the American college ought to make all its scholars masters of the written and spoken Spanish, overlooking entirely the fact that a man thoroughly trained in the study and mastery of the classical languages ought to be able and is able to learn with comparative ease the language of any country in which he may reside, while, if he has the ambition or impulse to study the modern literature of Europe, the facility and impulse to do so will be furnished by good studies of the ancient languages. We say in *good* classical studies. We are not ignorant of the fact that in this country and in England, and to some extent in Germany also, the ideal methods of using the classics as a training for practical and public life, or for general culture, have not been accepted or put in practice, and that these defective methods give all the color of plausibility to Mr. Adams's incoherent and inconsistent criticisms.

Leaving this thought and returning again to the test of experiment, we take the liberty of referring to a single example, to which, as we write far from books, we must refer from memory. It happened to the writer to cross the ocean on the same steamer with the late Lord Elgin, who was successively Governor-General of Jamaica, Canada, and finally of British India. The chance acquaintanceship opened the way for the free interchange of opinion on a great variety of subjects, concerning educational, ethical, political, and theological matters. His own recollections of his university life were not the least interesting and instructive. He had been a first-class man at Oxford, and recalled with the enthusiasm of an old student many of the scenes and subjects of speculation which had engrossed his mind

during the years which to every college and university man of wakeful mind and earnest purposes are the greenest and freshest of his life. The character and career of this distinguished administrator are well known to have been of the purest and noblest type. A few years after his untimely death the writer accidentally encountered his memoir, and with a very natural curiosity referred to the history of his youth and his university career, to find what light, if any, they might throw upon his eminent success from the beginning. It was most instructive to learn that after leaving the university his future place in life was more than usually undefined, his father not having then inherited the title which subsequently descended to the son. At the age of twenty-six, he was appointed Governor-General of Jamaica at a critical time in the history of the island, in consequence of the then recent emancipation act, which so seriously disturbed the stability of its people. Doubtless his appointment was determined by political considerations. It certainly was made so suddenly and unexpectedly as to allow him no time for special reading and study. The biography informs us, moreover, that his studies during the brief and uncertain interval between his university and public life were more than usually miscellaneous and divided between business cares and general studies in politics and history and literature. From his entrance into public life till his death he became eminently and absorbingly a man of affairs, most successfully and honorably of all in seasons of crisis and excitement among the narrow jealousies in Jamaica and fanatical and riotous partisanships in Canada, in shipwreck on the Eastern Archipelago, at the storming of the imperial palace in Peking, and in the weighty responsibilities of ruling the Indian Empire when it was rocking with the after-throes of the memorable civil earthquake which had well-nigh destroyed it forever. And yet Lord Elgin is but one example of what the classical training of a university education can do in the way of a general preparation for the special exigencies of practical life, and of the practical influence which studies which perfect the manhood may have in qualifying that manhood to enter quickly and readily into any relation to which the student may be called, whether it be in the saddle of a cavalry officer or the novel and

perplexing details of a Railway Commissioner. To all this Mr. Adams will reply that the English is unlike the American student in that the former can learn the modern languages and literature with greater readiness and a more complete thoroughness. To which we reply that the American student who has occasion to master the modern languages for the purpose of science or philosophy or theology or even of literature does this as frequently, as thoroughly, and as successfully as the English university student; while it is notoriously true of the English modernists of eminence, as for example Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Huxley, the Positivist metaphysicians and psychologists and the whole regiment of sociological politicians, that their studies are generally limited to the French language, they being "willingly ignorant" alike of Aristotle, Plato, Kant, Hegel, and Lotze.

It is worth our notice also that in Germany the question of the superiority of a classical to a modern training has of late been subjected to a practical trial on an extensive scale, by a comparison of the results of the gymnasial curriculum and that of the *Real Schule* as a preparation for a university course and indirectly for civil administration. In most of the German States—in Prussia pre-eminently—an attendance upon the university courses, with a certificate of fidelity and a succession of satisfactory examinations, had been the essential prerequisites to many of the most desirable official positions in civil life. To admission to all the privileges of the university an attendance upon the gymnasium with its classical curriculum was an essential prerequisite, carrying with it the consequence that to all the higher posts of civil life a course of classical study including Greek and Latin had till recently been a *conditio sine qua non*. The *Real Schulen*, which gave a shorter and a more scientific and popular course in which Greek was not included and the Latin was scanty, furnish an example of a "modernist" education. It was very natural that this condition of things should be felt to be inequitable by the teachers and pupils of these schools, and that an earnest movement should be made to set it aside. In several of the States it was successful. In Prussia, against strong conviction to the contrary, it was allowed for a term of years, by way of experiment, that the "modernists" (the *Abiturients* of the *Real Schulen*) should enter the university and enjoy all

its privileges. When this term had expired elaborate reports were called for from the leading instructors in all the universities of their judgment as to the proved capacity and success of the students who had attended upon their classes from each of the two preparatory institutions with their separate curricula. With but few exceptions, the reports were decidedly in favor of the classical curriculum as giving a better training even to the students of the mathematical and physical sciences. The arguments and reports in regard to this most interesting practical experiment are easily procured, and we would commend them to Mr. Adams's consideration as furnishing interesting material for an appendix to the next edition of his "*College Fetich*."

Mr. Adams would doubtless accuse the writer of a certain serious if not an intended unfairness in not recognizing the fact that he accords to a thorough classical training a confessed superiority for those whose time and tastes permit them to be thorough in it, and that he even grants that Latin should be insisted on for all the aspirants to a university degree. We are well aware of this fact; and we are as well aware that many if not most of the arguments by which he assails the Greek are as pertinent and effective against the Latin. All the fine and fervent things, moreover, which he says in favor of a thorough classical culture hold more eminently of the Greek than of the Latin. We are not responsible, surely, for the circumstance that he has in effect taken two or three different positions in respect to the main question, or that he has discussed what may be considered two questions at least in respect to what he sensationally calls a "*college fetich*," thereby more than implying, as many of his arguments tend to prove, that classical study, in both languages or either, is a sham and a waste. The deprecatory tone with which, towards the conclusion, he asks that "the modernists" may partake of the crumbs which fall from the table of the classicists scarcely comports with the rampant attacks which he makes upon classical discipline and classical thought and literature, supported as they are by the history of the opinions and experiences of the Adamses in four generations, and a sweeping and most characteristic criticism of Plato from the Sage of Monticello.

We should do scant justice, if not positive injustice, to Mr.

Adams should we omit one additional topic, which perhaps is the most important of all. It is a point which gives all the plausibility to his criticisms upon his own experience of classical study at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard some twenty-seven years ago. He informs us that he was forced to commit to memory solid pages of the Latin and Greek grammars; indeed, that he actually could repeat nearly the entire contents of both, and also that the studies of the most of his class never carried them beyond a few books of Xenophon, a book of Herodotus, and a few books of Homer. He speaks of himself as exceptional in that he actually read, tho as he thinks by a slow and painful process, the whole of the Iliad. And yet at present he cannot recall all the Greek characters. Against the memories of such method of learning Greek and Latin, with so limited a modicum of achievement, we join with him in an earnest protest. One feature of this method has been more or less generally abandoned, and that is the exaction of the matter of the grammar, as a feat of mechanical memory. We wish we were not obliged to add that it has been replaced by another method almost as vicious, which engrosses the student with an elaborate philological theory of the inflections of verbs and nouns and an elaborately metaphysical study of syntax and construction, to the neglect of facility in reading from comparatively easy authors for the sake of acquiring a copious vocabulary, and of gaining by what may be called insensible absorption or induction a familiarity with the diction and style of one or more classic writers. We are happy in knowing that the general movement among many teachers of the classical languages is in a somewhat better direction. There are very obvious reasons why this movement should be slow, and why also it should be hindered by influential teachers and scholars. Every thorough teacher knows, as no man can know so well as himself, that a thorough mastery in some sort of a grammar is essential to success in rapid and easy reading and intelligent analysis. He is naturally desirous that all his pupils, especially his better pupils, should appreciate as completely as possible all those relations which interest himself as a grammarian, and is therefore tempted to expend much of his energy in this direction. He is himself attracted by the study of a difficult rather than an easy writer,

and sometimes his zeal to test and stimulate the best men of his classes or his selfish regard to his own improvement leads him to select the hardest writer whom he can find, with short lessons and limited reading and a useless if not a wicked waste of time and energy. Then, again, very many able Græcists are so jealous lest their pupils shall in any way fail to work that they will not give them anything but the hardest Greek, with short lessons, little sense of progress, no advance in the possession of the language, and no proper study of the language or its embodied literature; in short, no study of the Greek language, but only from beginning to end a study of the Greek grammar. Against the introduction of reading at sight into their college exercises, or a rapid and current reading of easy authors, or the study of their writers as literature, not a few are invincibly set by the example of some brilliant philologists or the inveteracy of some collegè tradition. The consequence is that so soon as compulsory Greek is finished, elective Greek is limited to the very few who have decided tastes for grammar and philology, and the noblest benefits and enjoyment which ought to be realized both by the many and the few fail to be attained except by here and there a solitary student. The disciplinary advantages which cannot but follow from the study of the philosophy of language as exemplified in two of the most admirable of languages cannot fail to be realized, but the culture and elevation which might come were the power of rapid and facile reading cultivated, and the use of it for the expression of thought and feeling appreciated, fail in great measure to be attained. These mistakes and failures are probably more conspicuous in the American colleges than in those of England or Germany, for the reason that in England composition in prose and verse compels to a certain mastery of the vocabulary and a sense of the uses of words which mere grammatical analysis can never impart, and the eminent thoroughness with which the subject-matter of a few authors is studied insures what Mr. Adams so justly conceives as the advantage of doing any single thing well. In Germany the practice of composition from the beginning in the class-rooms and the actual application of linguistic forms as living principles, or, in other words, the more complete intellectualization of the instruction, insures the learner a far more

complete and living control over both vocabulary and grammar. Our inferiority to the English and German methods is intensified by the fatal temptations of the elective system, which flatters the student with a premature conceit of his own adult independence, and tempts him with the prospect of varied culture, and tickles his taste with a variety of superficial novelties.

It is not surprising that under this state of things faith in the possibility or desirableness of an enforced classical curriculum should decline, and even that some professors of Greek should be foremost in desiring to reduce the study of Greek to an elective branch and to treat it as a select and rare form of intellectual culture, like Quaternions or Anglo-Saxon or Icelandic, under which régime sufficient knowledge of the language might be maintained to provide for a few salaries and support a few philological societies and to promote sundry archæological researches. This is the real superstition which may properly be termed as "the college fetich." It can be set aside, not by limiting the study of Greek to a few by reason of narrow and technical methods, but by so liberalizing it that its use shall be justified to the tastes and enjoyment of those who teach and those who learn it, and it shall enter more fully into our modern culture as a formative element of strength and beauty. Against the fetichism of mechanical and formal grammatical learning which so offends Mr. Adams we unite in his earnest protest—but not because the language which is taught is Greek and therefore difficult by reason of its remoteness from modern life, for we have known German taught as stupidly and as ineffectually, but because it is taught after defective methods and in a technical and narrow spirit, and because the arrangements are so limited for the appreciation of its use in literature.

These difficulties are immensely enhanced by flooding the college curriculum with a mass of so-called elective studies and the temptation to magnify the excellence of the curriculum by boasting of their number and variety. For the purposes of education to students for the Bachelor's degree the great mass of the so-called Soft Electives should be regarded as a vast "Serbonian bog" in which "whole armies" of what otherwise had been solid battalions are doomed to be "whelmed and lost." Among the many questionable things which Mr. Adams

has said in this most interesting discourse we notice with pleasure the sound principles which he has asserted in respect to the necessity for a definite and enforced curriculum which shall include but few studies and require a mastery of them as the condition of a university degree. His criticisms, which we in our turn have freely criticised, are, the most of them, pertinent and tenable when applied to defects which exist indeed, but of which, as we think, he has failed to give the correct diagnosis. He is, after all, a Greek at heart, and if he will but take the trouble to recover that portion of the Greek alphabet which he thinks he has forgotten, and cursorily read again in the light of his modern experience the Iliad which he once so painfully studied, we are confident he will be convinced that Greek can be so wisely taught and so successfully studied that the next generation of the Adamses shall be convinced, in spite of the opinion of Thomas Jefferson, that neither the Greek language nor the study of Greek any longer deserves to be called a "College Fetich."

NOAH PORTER.

OUR IRON, WOOLLEN, AND SILK INDUSTRIES BEFORE THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

TO practical legislation the tariff now presents a dilemma of grievances. One class in the community feels sore at protection, as an unjust system of taxation; another class resents its proposed withdrawal as a breach of faith towards the industries founded upon its presumed continuance. Government is thus called upon to fulfil two obligations, each of which seems to entail the disregard of the other.

The protected manufacturers certainly have a right to demur at an abrupt and capricious change of legislative policy. They cannot, however, call a change of policy capricious which follows a change in the conditions inducing its inauguration. They cannot object to a withdrawal of support from those industries which can now support themselves; nor, on the other hand, from those which experience has shown never will be able to support themselves—unless, indeed, they can claim for these latter the performance of certain useful functions towards society which entitle them to a contributed subsistence. And the producers of iron, woollens, and silks can surely see no unfairness in investigating, upon such a basis, the present condition of their industries, and the consequent obligations of government towards them.

We propose to undertake such an investigation—to find out, in the case of each industry, simply whether, with the average rate of profit current in the United States, it can withstand foreign competition. We shall take as our data the statements of the manufacturers themselves,—noting, however, in our conclusions, that protection may itself create those very obstacles for which it professes to make amends.

I. That the amount of capital now invested in our iron industry suffices to employ the most advantageous processes of

production is now confessed even by the English manufacturers. In quality of product we can compete with foreigners: why not in cheapness? Two peculiar disadvantages are ascribed to us—dear labor and costly raw materials. As to the discussion of these points, we must observe that, in the industries as we are considering them, a high comparative cost of labor (represented by high wages) if the efficiency remains the same, would be a *real* drawback in the competition. It is doubtless true that a generally high rate of wages here forms an argument not for, but against, protection in general, since it only indicates an average cheaper production in our industries at large over those of other countries. But we are dealing with a particular *protected* industry, where the high wages are paid out of a product artificially enhanced in value, and not from a natural surplus over the cost of production. High wages do not in themselves constitute a plea for the existence of (e.g.) the iron industry; but, assuming its existence to be desirable on other grounds, they certainly impede its efficiency. The inability of the industry to furnish the current rate necessitates a special fund for the purpose which the tariff provides. This seems perfectly consistent with the theory of protection, and no denial of the general phenomena of high wages under natural circumstances of production.

Experience has shown that 95 per cent of the cost of pig-iron¹ consists in the wages of labor, either direct or as embodied in the raw materials. It is thence argued that, the daily wages being here double those abroad, the conditions of production are only half as favorable as those abroad. Both fact and inference must, however, be accepted with caution. The employers give one statement of the wages paid, the laborers a very different one of the wages received. But even admitting the fact of high wages, their influence upon cost of labor may be completely counterbalanced by superior efficiency. Whether because of their better implements or of their better living,² we certainly demand more from our operatives than is expected abroad. An

¹ It seems unnecessary to follow out more than this one department. What is true of pig applies equally well to bar and rolled iron, etc.

² The Industrial League have shown that the cost of food here is one half that in England, and that, on the whole, our laborers fare three times as well as the English: in consequence doing twice the amount of work.

American miner does three times as much work for his \$1.50 a day as the Spaniard for 50 cents: and labors seventy-five hours a week, while even his Teutonic competitor is equal to but fifty-five. Were it true, indeed, that cost of labor was in proportion to wages, pig-iron would cost 50 per cent more to produce in England than in Germany: yet in 1877 England exported 234,000 tons of pig to Germany. In the same way England produces silks more cheaply than Germany, and France produces cottons more cheaply than Spain: altho the wages in Germany and Spain are 50 per cent less than those in England and France respectively.

As a matter of fact, however, the direct wages paid by the manufacturer of pig amount to but a fifth of his expenses of production. High wages affect him chiefly only in so far as they may enhance the cost of his raw materials. Is he so ill-circumstanced with regard to these? One of the causes of their alleged dearness—cost of labor—we have already touched upon. Another is said to exist in the long distance between our iron-beds and coal-beds, necessitating a heavy expense for transportation to the manufacturing centres. In truth, however, the Lake Superior mines (to which allusion seems to be made) put out but a seventh part of the ore we consume, the other iron-mines (in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the Southern States) lying in close proximity to the coal-beds. Yet even from Marquette, transportation through the Lakes should be cheap and facile. England, on the other hand, is to such an extent hampered by her dependence on a foreign supply of ore that in 1880 she had to bring half of what she consumed all the way from Spain, paying for it twenty shillings (five dollars) a ton: and this at a time when “there was hardly a mine in America where it could not be handled for \$2 a ton.”

In coal, again, we seem to be England's superior. For from her vast product she exports so much that her furnaces fail to profit fully from her resources. While we, with a practically unlimited supply, are content with our own markets. In consequence, while the English founder must pay \$2 a ton for his anthracite, the Pennsylvanian gets his for \$1.47. And in charcoal and bituminous coal, both of which are in increasing use, we enjoy a much greater advantage.

Thus far we have been considering a hypothetical cost : the cost we should expect to result from an economical employment of our resources. As to the *actual* cost at present the manufacturers themselves differ widely,—their estimates ranging from \$14 to \$25 per ton of the metal. The key to this curious divergence of opinion may be found in a remark of Mr. Brook : “ The average cost in this country is, I suppose, about \$19 or \$20 a ton : to be sure, *we can make it cheaper.* ”

Now, we must insist that Government should consider the United States as a whole, and not a particular section of the United States. We are not bound to make up to each State its peculiar disadvantages compared with its neighbor, nor are we bound to recompense individuals for the results of their own ill-judgment or mismanagement. If Alabama and Georgia can produce our iron for \$14 a ton, we are not bound to impose a duty of \$6 so that Mr. Brook may manufacture in Maryland at \$20 a ton. Some eccentric patriot might take a fancy to establish a furnace in the Rocky Mountains, where he could no doubt spend a hundred dollars in the process ; but should we for this reason compel the consumer to pay a hundred dollars for pig when the more favored districts might provide him with it for a fourth as much ? The real test must be the least cost consistent with supplying our needs : which is to say—since we do now virtually supply our needs—the least necessary cost of our present product.

Our inquiries are luckily facilitated by an official report of the Ohio iron industries presented to the legislature of that State in 1879—a report the more reliable as representing no tariff interests whatsoever. This report gives in detail the various expenses of the manufacture, and sums up the total cost of producing a ton of pig as \$15.88. Pennsylvania, however, is first of our iron States. We have no analysis in her case similar to the one referred to above ; but we know that the cost is less for her than for Ohio from the following considerations : Mr. Swank’s report shows that in her industries the surplus remaining to capital over the expenses of production was 24 per cent on the amount invested, while in Ohio the corresponding surplus was but 8 per cent. Since, then, the same market-price of the commodity returns in Pennsylvania 16 per cent more than in Ohio, the Ohio capitalist must to this extent be at a disad-

vantage in his production. The ton of pig which costs him \$15.88 should cost his eastern neighbor but \$13.33.¹

Ohio and Pennsylvania put out 64 per cent of our total product. And if we include with them New York, New Jersey, and Illinois,—in which we have no reason to assume conditions materially different,—and the Southern States, which confessedly can manufacture still more cheaply, we shall have over 90 per cent of our pig averaging, at most, \$14.50 a ton.² This \$14.50, however, takes no account of the impediments to cheap production offered by protection itself. As to the element raw materials, the duty at once furnishes us with a fair estimate. The tariff makes us pay a 20-per-cent duty on all imported iron-ore: and it at the same time compels us to pay 20 per cent more than is necessary for our home ores. Now in 1880, of the total amount spent in Pennsylvania for the production of pig one half was for ore alone. What is true of the whole product is true, on an average, of a single ton of the product. Of the \$14.50, then, \$7.25 has been for the ore. But 20 per cent of this may be saved by the duty. The ore, then, costing but \$5.80, the total cost will be lessened to about \$13 a ton.

Nor have we indicated the whole saving possible. At present some Spanish ore must be imported because absolutely necessary, from its peculiar phosphoric qualities, for the production of steel. In Virginia and Tennessee, however, we have ore of like nature; and we continue to depend on the foreign supply only from the difficulty of communication with these as yet undeveloped regions of our own country. Now a cheapening of iron is nowhere more marked than in a cheapening of transportation.

¹ We are confirmed in this conclusion on finding, from the same report, that Ohio was inferior to Pennsylvania in nearly all the elements of production.

² In the face of a market-price of \$27.50, this statement will no doubt appear incredible. What? Does the iron-producer plead for \$13 a ton net earnings, when \$2 is declared by experts to represent a handsome profit? The modest inquirer stands aghast at such audacity. His doubts may be set at rest by an examination of the official report,—where the *average* profit of these industries is put at 21 per cent,—or by a glance at the statistics of the Bessemer steel-works, whose owners begged piteously for more bounty at the very moment they were announcing a 60-per-cent dividend. Perhaps his bewilderment is less excusable than that of the youngster who “wondered why the Romans asked for bread when they might have had cake.” The protectionist cake has often been a plummy one.

A removal of the duty, causing a fall in the price of pig, would induce many new lines of railroad to be opened up. The resources of the South would be thrown open to the manufacturers of the North. And the converter of pig would be saved the heavy cost of ocean transportation. Nay, he would gain doubly; for cheap iron means cheap freight from West to East as well: wheat would be more plentiful in Pennsylvania, and wages would fall.

A general abolition of the tariff would, indeed, affect the manufacture still more considerably,—for it would offer an incentive to a cheaper production, which does not exist when the home market alone can be reached. “There is now a process,” says Mr. Johnson, himself a manufacturer, “by which iron and steel can be produced 40 per cent cheaper than by any method now in common use.” And “the reason why this process is not generally in use is, there is such a combination and monopoly in the production that in order to prevent a reduction of the tariff they fight every evident improvement in the manufacture which must materially reduce the cost of production.” We cannot be surprised at such a distaste for improvements, so long as improvements mean a surplus product that cannot be got rid of. No country will take our iron unless we take some product of hers in return. Here are Chili and Peru and many other South American States who would be glad to trade with us if we had not told them that all the trade must be on one side. They cannot afford to pay permanently in specie. So they must go to England, where they can exchange product for product.

Independently, however, of a general abolition of the tariff it has been shown that the removal of the duty on ore alone would directly reduce the cost of producing pig to \$13 a ton. In addition the indirect effects through the cheapening of transportation within our own borders might be expected to bring it down to at most \$12. Adding to this \$1, as representing a fair profit, we shall have \$13 as the probable market-price under the new conditions.

Now the price of English or Scotch pig, delivered in New York, is \$14 a ton; delivered at Hamburg, \$15 a ton; and delivered at St. Louis, \$19.50 a ton. Why, then, should our manufacturers fear this foreign competition, when they them-

selves, even without the encouragement of a foreign market for their surplus, could produce pig for \$13 a ton; and, with the greater safeguards against loss which such a market would provide, might come to consider \$10 or \$11 a ton a fair return for their outlay?

Nor can we believe that the free admission of foreign ores would necessitate the closing of our own mines: free trade thus sacrificing one industry for the sake of another. A company, like that of Lake Superior, whose stock is 250 per cent above par, could scarcely be dependent on a 20-per-cent duty. Spanish ore which, duty free, could not be landed at New York for less than \$6 a ton would have a hard time to drive out of the market American ore which can be handled for \$2 a ton. But, as we have said, these foreign ores, so far from competing with our own ores, offer a substantial inducement to, and in fact supply a necessary condition of, their consumption.

II. We pass now to another Hercules crying for crutches. In the woollen as in the iron industry the cost of labor is no greater here than abroad. Mr. Dean asserts, as a matter of personal experience, that "altho in America we pay a man more money for his week's work, we get it done equally cheap, for we work longer hours, and we work very much faster; produce more pounds in a given time." The cotton industry as to its operatives and processes is almost the precise counterpart of the woollen. Yet so little is it crippled by high wages that in 1881 it reported 150,000,000 yards of its manufactured goods, of which 22,000,000 went to England herself: and so independent is it of government aid that it could afford to treat the Tariff Commission with contemptuous neglect. Our woollen manufacturers, on the other hand, cannot half supply domestic wants. What should cause such a striking difference in the efficiency of the two industries? Simply, as it appears, the relative difficulty of obtaining the raw materials necessary to the respective manufactures. Cotton is a commodity peculiarly easy of access here: the monopoly of the American producer being manifestly secure, any attempt on his part to raise the price by means of a duty would meet with ridicule.

With wool, however, the case is different. The culture of sheep requiring large areas in order to be at all profitable, every encroachment of population which renders the land better available for cereals diminishes proportionally its suitability for sheep-raising. But migration to more distant districts is a slow process, involving no little inconvenience: so the wool-growers of these States resorted to the tariff as the easiest and most congenial way of obviating its necessity. Protection having enabled them to raise the price of their wool to that of the unprotected vegetable products, they could still, even with the increased cost of land and labor, get from it the average rate of profit.

And tho of late the Western States have taken up sheep-raising; altho Texas ranks first and California second in the industry, and altho these vast tracts are, from their nature, specially adapted to produce wool more cheaply than the densely populated regions of the East: yet the duty has continued to be assessed on the basis of the more costly production in Ohio and Pennsylvania. It is no gain to the woollen manufacturer if sheep can be maintained for \$1.50 a year in West Virginia or \$1 a year in Texas: the price of his wool will be based not on this cost, but on the \$2.95 which it costs to maintain a sheep in Ohio. And so long as the *highest* existing cost of production shall be taken as a fair ground for a protective duty, so long will cheaper production profit him in naught. To the last solitary herder, clinging desperately to his crook in defiance of the advancing civilization, the sheep-raisers of Ohio will consider it their right to be protected. Protection to them means protection to *all* wool-growers. And with the constantly increasing cost of land there is no limit to the price which the desire to perpetuate a local industry may force upon the unhappy consumer. The sheep-raisers of the West do not object: why should they? Every addition to the duty enlarges their own margin of profits. They can well afford to rest quiescent, assured that those of their Eastern brethren who, through laziness or ignorance or lack of enterprise, make the least returns to the community will be the most zealous in vaunting their own importance before Tariff Commissions, and the lustiest in their clamors for assistance.

In deference, therefore, to the scantiest producers, our manufacturers have to pay twice as much for their raw ma-

terials as do the English. The raw wool forms one half the expense of the commodity: we are thus handicapped to the extent of a fourth of the whole cost of production. But here, too, the tariff adds absurdity to oppression. In spite of the duty we are yearly compelled to import over a hundred million pounds of foreign mixing-wools for the manufacture of those finer fabrics for which our own wools are not adapted.¹ The importation, so far from conflicting with, tended rather to advance the interests of our home producers. The duty, however, strikes the consumer doubly: not only making him pay an unnecessary amount for his foreign wools, but mulcting him besides for his domestic wools,—thus benefiting unjustly the home producer. And tho, as a manufacturer, himself protected, he may apparently make up his first loss by a proportional tax on his own finished product: yet the necessity of thus raising the price of his commodity must plainly shut him out from possible competition with the foreigner who gets his materials free, even tho as to machinery and processes he be fully the equal of the latter.²

We are thus forced to the same conclusion as that arrived at in considering the iron industry, that the obstacles to cheap production are themselves the result of protection, and cannot, therefore, be entertained as an argument for protection. Even now, with a duty of 26 per cent on carpet-wools, “we can practically make carpets as cheaply here as in England.”³ But give the manufacturers free materials—relieve them of this terrible yearly tax of thirty-four million dollars—and what is now true of a small part will then be true of the whole industry. We import no carpets now; we should import no clothing then. Nay,

¹ In the carpet industry, for instance, out of 36,000,000 pounds consumed, 34,000,000 were imported. We do not grow carpet-wools in the United States.

² A duty is thus conflicting in its effects. What is demanded as a right in the case of a finished commodity is urged as a grievance in the case of a raw product: yet finished commodities being themselves, in their turn, raw materials as elements in a still further production, each duty added to one article means an obligation created towards the next,—and so on, through an interminable series. Protection, it seems, begins, a blessing; and ends, a curse.

³ Mr. Dobson has naïvely slipped by the natural inference—that the duty on carpets is no longer necessary. Perhaps, having come to ask for free wools, his modesty forbade him to more than hint at a nobler aspiration—free carpets.

we have sent cotton goods to England: why should we not send woollen goods also? Protection having made the finer wools practically inaccessible, the woollen manufacturer is at present constrained to the production of a single line of goods of medium grade: the market becomes overstocked, and stagnation and ruin are inevitable. Every increase of demand causes a disproportionate speculative production: followed shortly by repletion, fall of prices, and distress. No industry on the verge of supplying home needs can hope for a steady market without a foreign outlet for its surplus product. With such an outlet our woollen like our iron manufactures would be established on a firm footing, that neither foreign competition nor domestic crises could disturb.

Nor would the abolition of the duty cause the ruin of the wool growers. Of course, without the tariff, sheep could not profitably be pastured in the close vicinities of our large cities: but that the immense regions of the West, with ready access to our markets, should not be able to compete successfully with Australia and Spain is indeed incredible. Besides, it is to be remembered that wool, like coke, is but a partial product: and just as gas would be manufactured even were coke unmarketable, so muttons would be raised even were wool of no value. The sheep-raisers even now find it profitable to export their sheep to England and there sell the wool on their backs at the English rates. They need have little fear of a policy which would still insure them the same price in America, and save them the cost of ocean freight besides.

III. Next in prominence to the iron and woollen industries comes the silk industry. Like the two former it can no longer plead to insufficiency of capital to employ the best processes of production,—its product in 1880 having aggregated some thirty-four million dollars in value: nor can it longer be regarded as in an experimental stage. Its history shows it to have been fostered by the most advantageous conditions which legislation could afford. Not only has it, like iron and wool, been encouraged by a high duty on its finished product, but it has enjoyed what they have not—the free importation of its raw materials. Yet, with every circumstance in its favor that could have tended

to establish it upon a firm and prosperous basis, it now declares its inability to subsist without a protective bounty of 50 per cent. This declaration is thus tantamount to a confession of permanent weakness, and a demand for permanent protection.

We are thus led to class the silk industry with those unproductive enterprises the post-office or the police force which, tho losing in themselves, still offer a plea for existence, as performing certain useful functions towards society. What claims can it present in this character?

It is a common form of argument to point to the mere amount of capital invested in an industry as of itself conclusive proof of the importance of that industry to the community. Nothing could be more fallacious. The pride of the manufacturers in their borrowed finery is exactly that of the rake who, being asked how he was getting on, replied complacently, "Oh, capitally! Last year a month ago I hadn't a dollar to my name, and now I'm two thousand in debt!" (As if a loss were any the less a loss by being greater in amount!) The gain from capital to the community, as to an individual, is in the ratio of its net earnings: and the community must inevitably count as loss that capital which is employed unproductively. Now the maintenance of an unremunerative industry is a loss to the community in two ways: first, positively, in diminishing the profits of the other industries taxed for its support; second, negatively in divesting capital whose profitable employment might otherwise be contributing to the general net earnings.¹

But, indeed, we started with the purpose of discovering in what way—if in any—the money loss to the community from the duty was made up to it by some service other than pecuniary.

Closely allied with the preceding argument is that of diversification of industries: the silk manufacture is useful merely because, without it, we should not have any silk manufacture. The factories themselves are made a higher education and prosperity, instead of being considered what they really are—

¹Strange that any one should fail to perceive this. And yet an attempt was made before the Tariff Commission to justify protection on the ground that these unproductive concerns were essential as *serving to keep capital out of the profitable industries!*

merely the *possible means of securing the instruments* by which it may be attained. The great establishments at Manchester and Lowell are a benefit, not in themselves, but in what they produce,—and in this only so far as it represents a saving to society. There seems no limit to this unfortunate confusion of ideas between the end and the means. Mr. Donaldson dilates in glowing colors upon the glories of culture,—and finishes his eulogy by demanding a duty on pictures. He first tells us that taste is desirable; and then proceeds to make it unattainable. It is the taste that we want, just as it is the cloth we want; and as the factories are useful only as they enable us to get better cloth, so our artists are worthy of support only as they give us better pictures. Mr. Donaldson asks that an artificial value be put upon American pictures having inconsiderable value in themselves: just as Mr. Cheney asks that an artificial value be accorded to American silks, to make up for their lack of real value. In the first case we get in return, not more taste and culture, but more artists: just as, in the second, we get, not more silks, but more factories. How happy might we be in our artistic enlightenment, could we have stifled the first suspicion of domestic pictorial genius! How comfortably clad in glossy textures, could we but have hidden away in some secret nook Mr. Cheney's fatal conception that we could *not* produce silk! Will the time ever arrive when we shall not be made to do what we cannot do? When we shall no longer waste our strength in a vain display of our weakness? When we shall cease to look with fear and trembling upon every newly discovered "resource," lest it close the door upon one more of the few blessings of nature that now remain to us?

A still more subtle plea—one which, however, involves the same erroneous view of the industry itself as the ultimate desideratum—is that of providing a remunerative employment of a high order for the American laborer. Such an assumption of philanthropy, on the part of corporations showing themselves purely mercantile in their actual dealings, has in it an element of the comical,—which one manufacturer, at least, has had the wit to perceive and the candor to acknowledge. Business, says Mr. Dean, is no place for sentiment: "my manufacture is followed to make money, and not to keep open a benevolent

institution for American laborers." It seems fair to assume the status thus deftly expressed to be that obtaining currently among mercantile concerns. And the silk industry is no exception to the general rule. We know, indeed, that in its efforts to get cheap labor it even goes so far as to import operatives from abroad—a proceeding hardly calculated to advance the welfare of our own working classes. Its value to the laborers of the community must, then, be judged on purely economical grounds.

Now if we examine its claim to services rendered, what do we find? That it doles out to each wretched operative a pittance of 88 cents a day, at a time when a mere farm-hand could earn \$1.25, and an iron-worker \$2.50! And this is the "remunerative employment," of which it makes such boast! To be sure, the silk-operative enjoys the privilege of "a high order of labor"—that is, I suppose, one which makes a greater demand on his energies and intelligence. But what the laborer needs is pay, as well as work: the education which he gets in superintending a loom is worth little to him if it only brings him 88 cents a day for the support of his family, when, with no education at all, he could be earning a dollar and a quarter on a farm. To appreciate even more justly how much the operative loses by the existence of the silk-mills, we have but to consider how much more he would have gained had its eighteen millions of capital been set to some really profitable undertaking; and the better wages, the steadier employment, and the higher standard of living with which it might then have provided him are what the silk industry has deprived him of.

The silk industry a blessing to the laborer! Why, with the twenty millions of dollars which it annually wastes for us, its capital might have ten per cent interest to remain idle, and its thirty-four thousand employés be paid twice their present wages to educate themselves for Congress! What silk-hand would not esteem himself happy in the change?

Another very plausible claim is that of protecting American consumers against the foreign producers. The silk-manufacturers point with exultation to the decrease in the price of silk since the tariff of 1861. But what does this prove? Not that the consumer is cheated less now, but that he was cheated

more before. The present cheapness of our silks is a cheapness only as compared with their former dearness: it is not absolute cheapness to the consumer, who, without the duty, could supply his wants at half the price which he is now forced to pay.

It would, however, be asserted that, our own manufactures once abolished, foreign silks would immediately rise in price to the American consumer. But such a rise, to be of importance, must presuppose either a monopoly on the part of some one foreign producer which does not exist, or a conspiracy between a number of them, such as would be utterly impracticable in the present condition of Europe: on the contrary, it seems more probable that the fierce competition between England and France, to secure control of the American market, would materially lessen the cost of the commodity to the American consumer. In no event could the price advance beyond the cost of production here.

Such are the various claims of service which our silk-manufacture might urge in extenuation of its pecuniary dependence on the community. Of these claims not one has a shadow of validity. Neither as benefiting society at large nor as benefiting individuals, neither as being labor-saving nor as being labor-aiding, can the silk industry be entitled to support. Not merely is it a non-producer; it is a giant spendthrift, wasting the substance of others on a mistaken speculation. It cannot even secure a cowardly survival, by foreboding ruin attendant upon its downfall: its dependencies, the producers of its raw materials, are abroad and concern us not. It must be left to its fate, whatever that fate may be. If it stand, it will by that have offered its strongest plea for existence, the ability to support itself. Its fall will show that it had deserved to fall. Government could as consistently force upon us the support of the silk industry as it could force us to support an individual, who insisted upon baling out the Gulf of Mexico,—not because the Gulf of Mexico would be of any particular use baled out, but because, as he might say, the operation of baling afforded such a genteel,—thanks to the general contributions—lucrative, employment to our laborers, besides keeping them out of the wheat-fields; and because, in case our ship of state ever should spring a leak, it would be *so* convenient to have at hand a lot of

native balers, instead of being dependent upon an insolent and capricious foreign supply !

But the collapse of the silk industry would be no process of devastation. It is high time that we got over our veneration for mere *names*. We should come to realize that we should no more annihilate the instruments, the machinery, labor, and capital now called the silk industry by applying them to the manufacture of cottons than we should annihilate the Capitol at Washington by converting it into a Lunatic Asylum. A change in the direction of energy is not a total loss of capacity: a change of the purpose for which a thing is used is not a destruction of the thing itself.

To sum up our general conclusions: The iron and woollen industries need protection, only because already protected. The silk industry needs protection from its own inherent weakness. But the latter cannot longer demand protection, since it makes no fit return to the community for the bounty it receives. From all three of these industries, therefore,—from the first two because they are no longer Infant Industries, from the third because it will never be anything else than an Infant Industry,—protection should be withdrawn. And by such a withdrawal Government would not merely be guiltless of bad faith towards them, but fulfilling its still more pressing obligations towards the larger section of the community now unjustly taxed for their benefit.

HERBERT PUTNAM.

INCINERATION.

“Vermibus erepti puro consumimur igni.”

SANITARY science in these last days has been teaching us some very important if not altogether palatable truths concerning our usual method of disposing of the dead.

It has very rudely dispelled the pleasing illusion of the peaceful sleep of the grave, and has most offensively opened to our astonished gaze, not the sweet repose of our departed loved ones, awaiting the resurrection, but, instead, the loathsome processes of putrefaction in all its stages, from the first fadings of life's bloom from the cheek of virgin beauty to the final resolution of the decomposing mass into its elements. It has ruthlessly obliterated the *requiescat in pace* from the tombstone, or left it to stand a hollow and painful mockery.

It has taught us that this process of decomposition is simply one of oxidation; and that, as carried on in the grave, retarded by the surrounding and incumbent earth, it is well described by the technical term invented by Professor Liebig and adopted by chemists and physicians generally for its designation—*cremation*: *ερημος*, lone, solitary, desolate, and *καυσις*, burning—“a solitary or desolate burning.” It is the process by which life has been supported, carried on after death, until all the material fed to that life has been consumed. Thus science has discovered to us the fact that in our bodily material we all must burn. In this we have no voice of election, and no device of man can finally avert this destiny. We may choose as to whether it shall be a process of an hour in the clean, rosy glow of a crematorium, or a process of twenty, fifty, or one hundred years in the gloom and loathsomeness of the grave, but in

any and every case these material bodies must burn. The eviscerated and embalmed bodies of the Pharaohs and their descendants, preserved these thousands of years with almost unspeakable care, which are now being sent by shiploads from Karnak to England to be converted into fertilizers, furnish examples of the process of oxidation long retarded but not finally defeated. So the "adipocere" process, advocated by the inventors and patentees of metallic and other hermetically sealed burial-cases, may fill the land with slowly putrefying bodies, but these are only inventions for retarding nature's work and for robbing nature for a time of these pent-up forces. Ultimately cases and bodies alike must yield to the process of oxidation, and nature's perfect work attain completion. Whatever the process, and however retarded, "Ashes to ashes" is the inevitable decree.

Sanitary science has further taught us that the old superstition which peopled graveyards with the ghosts of the dead returned to drag the living to the under-world has underlying it a basis of fact, since in the form of ghastly disease the dead do haunt our burial-grounds to the peril of all who visit them. In the language of Sir Henry Thompson, "no dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air, and the water above and about it." Of course the immediate danger from the corpses of those dying of contagious and infectious diseases is well understood—a danger which can be reduced to the minimum only by cremation—but hygienically this is not the chief danger to which the living are exposed from the dead.

The products of a decomposing human body, chemists tell us, are, besides water and non-volatile minerals, carbonic acid, carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, nitrous and nitric acids, and other offensive organic vapors. Dr. Parkes informs us that each decomposing human body generates annually about fifty cubic feet of carbonic-acid gas.

The atmosphere of thickly populated cemeteries contains ordinarily more than double the normal proportion of carbonic-acid gas, besides other deadly exhalations; while, in times of calm, and in the spring of the year, when the opening earth releases the gases which have been imprisoned during the winter, the proportion of these deadly poisons is much greater.

Thus it is that multitudes who follow their beloved dead to

our beautiful cemeteries and linger there to minister to the departed carry thence in their systems disease-germs from which they sicken and die, no one suspecting the immediate cause of their disease and death. The atmosphere of burial-grounds is freighted with the germs of almost every form of zymotic disease; and those whose systems become charged with them, if not at once stricken down, suffer serious loss of tone and impaired vitality, accompanied with headaches, nausea, diarrhœa, and sore throat, and are peculiarly susceptible to all forms of contagious and infectious disease. Pasteur's experiments have proved that earthworms bring to the surface myriads of bacteria from the bodies of the decomposing dead.

Upon the authority of the eminent Drs. Koch of Germany and Ewart and Carpenter of England it is stated that the blood of animals dying of splenic fever may be dried and kept for years, and pulverized into dust, and yet the disease-germs survive with power to produce infection.

Still more alarmingly significant are the discoveries of Dr. Domingo Freire of Rio de Janeiro, who, while investigating the causes of a recent epidemic of yellow fever, "came upon the dreadful fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried was positively alive with microbial organisms exactly identical with those found in the vomitings and blood of those who had died in the hospitals of yellow fever." This characteristic parasite, says Dr. Freire, permeates the soil of cemeteries even to the very surface. From a foot under ground he gathered a sample of the earth overlying the remains of a person who had been buried about a year before; and tho it showed nothing remarkable in appearance or smell, under the microscope it proved to be thickly charged with these yellow-fever germs. The cemeteries, therefore Dr. Freire pronounces "nurseries of yellow fever" the perennial foci of the disease.

The plague at Modena in 1828 was shown by Prof. Bianchi to be due to excavations made where victims of the plague were interred three hundred years before; and the terrible virulence of the cholera in London in 1854 is charged to the upturning of the soil wherein the plague-stricken of 1665 were

buried. In New Orleans during the epidemic of yellow fever in 1853 the mortality in the Fourth District reached the enormous figure of 452 per 1000 of the population, being more than double that of any other. In this district were three extensive cemeteries, in which were buried the previous year more than three thousand bodies.

Thus we are storing up in our cemeteries the fomites of deadly zymotic disease ; and thus these cemeteries, beautiful as many of them appear without, are being prepared to be plague-spots and pest-beds to this and future generations.

The contamination of wells, fountains, and watercourses in and about burial-grounds, as sanitary science has recently shown, is also a source of far greater danger than is generally supposed. This grave-fed water has a peculiarly sparkling crystal-like brilliancy, due to the very large proportion of nitrates and nitrites therein contained, which are the products of the neighboring graves. The wells and springs of burial-grounds and their vicinity have a never-failing supply of this sparkling and seductive water, which is eagerly quaffed in large draughts by the multitudes of visitors, who, they know not why, find their heads aching and their throats dry and sore by reason of the empoisoned air which they there breathe. The London *Lancet* says: "It is a well-ascertained fact that the surest carrier and the most deadly fruitful nidus of zymotic contagion is this brilliant, enticing-looking water, charged with the nitrates which result from decomposition."

In 1806 the New York Board of Health advised the removal of all graveyards from within the city limits, and recommended that the then existing burial-places be converted into public parks! To some extent this was done; and Washington Square, which was then the potter's field of New York, is one of the fruits of this recommendation. Sanitary science had not then discovered that soil saturated with the emanations of the decomposing dead would continue, for generations following, a plague-spot in its neighborhood; but even to this day a dense blue haze several feet deep rests every calm morning over Washington Square, and a physician who lived several years on its western border declares it impossible to raise children on the ground-floors of houses in that vicinity. And yet New York's

innocents are turned into this ancient potter's field by hundreds every day in search of health!

Of the great cemeteries about New York there is not one, not even Woodlawn or Greenwood, in the public lots of which three or more bodies are not put in one grave; that of John Doe, who died from "a bare bodkin," being sandwiched between those of Richard Roe and James Low, who were the victims respectively of small-pox and yellow fever. In the public or poor quarter of Calvary Cemetery a far worse state of things obtains—more appalling than even the *Fosse Commune* of Paris, for it is the *Fosse Commune sans chaux*. A trench is dug seven feet wide, ten to twelve feet deep, and of indefinite length, in which the coffins are stowed tier upon tier, making a flight of steps five or more deep, and with not enough earth to hide one from the next. And this is our vaunted "Christian burial" in this new country with its myriads of broad acres! What shall our children say of us when they come perforce from stress of space to build their dwellings upon these beds of pestilence?

The great cemeteries of New York are thus specifically presented simply as types of the beautiful park-like cemeteries all over the land; and in essential features the same is true of the burial-grounds of smaller towns. The fountains in them are corrupt and the air above them laden with disease.

The pernicious practice of earth-burial has so poisoned almost every well and fountain of Europe, except a few far up the snow-clad mountain-steeps, as to render each what another has aptly designated a *fons et origo mali*, insomuch that every tourist is warned by his Murray and his Baedeker to avoid the one beverage which pre-eminently nature intended for the use of man, but which man has so corrupted with his dead as to render it the source and carrier of disease.

For all this ever-increasing accumulation of evil what is the remedy which sanitary science has to propose? It is simply nature's remedy—oxidation, incineration, or cremation, whichever term may be preferred: not nature's remedy retarded, as by earth-burial, but nature's remedy facilitated; not nature's remedy with agencies and surroundings that render it offensive to our sense of the respect and veneration due the dead, but nature's remedy purified and beautified by the crematory fire;

not nature's remedy with pernicious and deadly effects upon the living, but under circumstances and through instrumentalities which renders it innocuous and beneficent.

Let it be once fairly and fully understood, as sanitary science has already demonstrated, that cremation is but a safe, cleanly, decorous, and economical method of accomplishing in an hour precisely the same result as is accomplished in fifty or a hundred years by earth-burial, and that it does this in the purifying glow of the crematorium free from all offensive accompaniments or evil effects instead of in the gloom and dampness of the grave attended with infection and deadly peril to the living, and surely an intelligent public cannot doubt which it shall choose.

As conducted at Gotha by means of the Siemens apparatus the process is thus described: The body is borne into the chapel and placed in a catafalque which stands in front of the altar. The section of the chapel-floor upon which the body rests constitutes the floor of a lift, or elevator. As the funeral service proceeds the elevator invisibly and noiselessly descends, bearing the body to the basement directly in front of the incinerator, which, by means of superheated air, has been raised to a white heat within, at a temperature of about 1500° Fahrenheit. As the door of the incinerator is opened to receive the body the in-rushing cold air cools it to a delicate rose tint; and the body, resting on a metallic bed, covered with a cloth of asbestos, or of linen soaked in alum, passes over rollers into this bath of rosy light. Immediately it becomes incandescent, in which condition it remains until incineration is complete. This requires about an hour per hundred pounds of the original weight. There remain only a few handfuls of pure pearly ashes, equivalent to about four per cent of the original. These are dropped by means of a lever into the ash-chamber below, and are drawn thence into an urn of terra cotta, marble, alabaster, or other suitable material and returned by means of the elevator to the catafalque. The service or ceremony being now over, the friends of the deceased find the ashes just where they had last seen the body of the departed, and may bear them thence to the columbarium or mortuary chapel, or set them in the border and plant violets, heartsease, and forget-me-nots in them from year to year.

"And from his ashes may be made the violet of his native land."

No fuel or flame of foreign substance comes in contact with the body. The process is accompanied with no perceptible sound or smell or smoke,—absolutely nothing that can offend the sensibilities of the most fastidious. All the smoke and volatile products of combustion are passed through a regenerating furnace before being turned loose into the air, and are absolutely purified. The process is indeed in every way so decorous and so beautiful, as compared with other methods of disposing of the dead, that it is described by those who have witnessed it as “fascinating,” and scarcely an instance is known of any one having witnessed the process, as thus conducted, who has not at once become a pronounced convert to cremation, whatever may have been his pre-existing prejudice.

Apart, however, from the sanitary argument in favor of cremation there are other reasons for preferring it to earth-burial.

To all who have a liking for cleanliness and decency in preference to that which is unclean and repulsive the appeal to a pure, refined, and exalted sentiment in favor of incineration must be very strong. Surely none who venerate their dead can be reconciled to the idea of thrusting their bodies into a gloomy grave to become a fermenting mass of putrefaction, corrupting in all its emanations, whithersoever they ramify through earth and air.

The theft of the body of the late A. T. Stewart from St. Mark's churchyard, and that of the late Earl of Crawford from the Dun Echt mortuary chapel in Aberdeen, are only conspicuous examples of body-snatching, of which Philadelphia, Richmond, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Amsterdam, and Montreal have recently had harrowing experiences. To-day a military guard surrounds the beloved Garfield's grave for the protection of his body from the ghouls; and years ago grave-robbers attempted to steal the body of the lamented Lincoln, and were, it is reported, caught in the very act by the detectives of Elmer Washburne, then chief of the government secret service, since which time that tomb has never been left without protection. Incineration, if universally adopted, would put an end to the work of the ghouls, and would leave no occasion for the ruthless invasions of avarice upon the dead's domain.

Another point upon which sentiment has somewhat to offer

is the very natural dread, amounting in many cases to an absolute terror, of being buried alive. "To be buried alive," wrote Edgar Allan Poe, "is beyond question the most terrific of all extremes which have ever fallen to the lot of mere mortality." Numerous well-authenticated instances are on record of those who had been laid out in grave-clothes and even placed in coffins preparatory to interment, arising from a protracted coma just in time to save themselves from burial. But what of the larger number who arise not? "Seven hours in a coffin added ten years to my life," was the startling statement of Martin Strong of Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, as he told of the terrible experience through which he passed in the summer of 1868, when, upon the certificate of death furnished by Dr. Cummings, who attests the painful truth of the story, he was encoffined for burial. The late Rev. William Tennent, when yet a theological student at New Brunswick, was placed in his coffin for burial—physicians and friends believing him to be dead. One particular personal friend, however, begged so piteously and persistently for postponement that for more than four days after the time appointed for burial he was kept in the coffin, and finally revived and lived a useful life of many years. Almost every month the newspapers bring to us the facts of such experiences.

Physicians are now pretty well agreed that there is no absolutely reliable evidence of death except decomposition, and as the modern icing process retards this and conceals its evidence, who shall tell what numbers are buried alive in these last days, unless indeed by this same icing process they be frozen to death? It not infrequently happens that upon opening coffins taken from receiving-vaults for final burial the turned body and contorted features, the expression of wild despair, the torn and dishevelled hair, and the partly eaten flesh of hands and arms attest the awful fact. In times of epidemics of contagious disease, when attendants are in haste to get the supposed dead under ground, this is especially the case, as was shown at Norfolk and Portsmouth when the hastily and imperfectly buried victims of the last great yellow-fever epidemic were reinterred.

A prominent undertaker of New York recently expressed to a member of the New York Cremation Society the desire that

his own body should be cremated after death, adding that he had so instructed his family and so directed in his will. Since, however, the instructions contained in the will of the late illustrious Italian liberator, Garibaldi, were so disregarded in this particular, it is difficult to believe that such instructions, even where known to be the dying request of the departed, will be observed by prejudiced survivors. The undertaker above mentioned stated as the reason of his desire the dread he experienced of being buried alive, adding that he believes live burial is far more frequent than is generally supposed. The late Charles Albert Reed of Newton, Mass., directed his attending physician to sever his head from his body after death to prevent the possibility of burial alive, and left in his will a bequest to him of \$500 for this service if faithfully performed. So the late Rev. Howard Malcom, D.D., LL.D., for many years president of the University at Lewisburg, and during the later years of his life president of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, directed that to prevent the possibility of being buried alive his heart should be taken out, and it was done.

While cremation as well as burial forbids the hope of a return to active life in the flesh, it humanely prevents the possible agony of a return to temporary consciousness. Moreover, a well-appointed crematory such as the United States Cremation Company proposes to erect at an early day somewhere in the vicinity of New York will be provided with a warm room where all cases of possible suspension of life may be kept for a time and restoratives applied, as also a cold room for the temporary preservation of remains when desirable.

Another consideration in favor of cremation, with which sentiment is concerned, is the facility it affords for the preservation and transportation of the ashes of the deceased. Not a few have an experience in common with that of the Rev. Brooke Lambert of England, who some time since remarked: "I have lost three very dear kinsfolk in remote quarters of the earth, and I would give anything I could command if I could receive their ashes and keep them by me in a vase." And how the heart of many a mother, whose son has been slain in battle or carried off by camp-fever, would be consoled if she could receive in an urn the ashes of her boy!—a result that would be

quite practicable if our military authorities should adopt cremation as a means of disposing of the dead; and this should certainly be resorted to as a sanitary measure no less than as a matter of sentiment after a great battle. Then the dead would not be left unburied for the vultures to prey upon, as was the case after the battle of the Wilderness, nor would they be left half buried, to breed a pestilence.

To some it may appear almost cruel to utter in connection with the disposal of our dead that hard practical word, Economy; and yet there are in every large city families not a few who are shelterless and foodless because of the expense entailed in the burial of their dead. However we may abhor and most justly denounce vulgar pomp and extravagant display at funerals, we can but honor the sentiment which will sacrifice shelter and food and raiment to give decent burial to the departed. But while we thus honor the spirit of self-sacrificing love, we may also be permitted to point these bereaved ones to a better way. Apart from the burial-lot and tombstone and the expense for carriages, the average cost of a funeral among the lower middle classes in and about New York is not far from \$150. The average cost of burial-lots in Woodlawn and Greenwood, each containing space for six graves, is about \$450, or \$75 per grave. The cost of single graves in the public lots is \$25 each. The cost of a modest head and foot stone and their erection will add \$75 more, making a total of \$250 or \$300. These \$300, more or less, have to be paid in advance by the poor, to raise which they alone know what sacrifices must be made. Apart from carriage-hire, which we may assume to be about the same in either case, the cost of cremation decorously performed, including the case in which the body is carried to the crematory, should not exceed \$40, while the cost of a terra-cotta urn of classic pattern, the most tasteful and appropriate possible, could not exceed \$5. Add \$10 for a niche in the columbarium in which the urn may find a permanent resting-place in case the friends should not wish to take it to their homes, and still another \$5 for an inscribed tablet under the niche, and we have \$60, as against four or five times that sum for earth-burial.

The item of individual expense is not, however, the only one to be considered under the head of Economy. Nearly four

thousand acres of valuable land, occupying eligible building-sites about New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City—land that ought to be life-producing and life-supporting—are sequestered and perverted from the use of the living to the abuse of burying the dead; while much of the adjacent land outside is practically rendered almost valueless, no one wishing to live on the borders of a cemetery, and wisely so.

With all these arguments, seemingly valid, in favor of cremation, what have its adversaries to urge against it as reasons why it should not be adopted as a substitute for earth-burial?

First, the medico-legal argument is urged; i.e.: In any case of poisoning it would destroy the evidence thereof, and so offer a premium upon this class of crime. This is true to some extent, and is therefore a valid argument—not against incineration, but in favor of the precaution of a careful autopsy before cremation in any possibly doubtful case. All non-volatile mineral poisons, however, would remain in the ashes, and would be more readily detected there than in the body itself of the deceased.

It is further objected that cremation by approved modern methods would be impracticable as a means of disposing of the dead of great cities. Those who are familiar with the octuple crematory of Major Martin, in Bombay, or with the multiplex portable incinerator of M. Creteur of Brussels, could not for a moment seriously entertain this objection.

Again, it is objected that "cremation is heathenish and barbarous." Well, so is earth-burial, and was so thousands of years before it became "Christian burial," and even since then has been practised by heathens and barbarians more widely and numerously than by Christians. So eating, drinking, bathing, and sleeping are heathenish and barbarian practices, but we do not therefore refuse to eat, drink, bathe, and sleep.

Some there are who think they have religious objections to cremation. They say that cremation has no recognition in the Bible, forgetting that when Saul the king of Israel, and his sons Jonathan, Abinadab, and Malchishua, fell in honorable warfare with the Philistines, "the valiant men of Israel arose and went by night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies,

of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there; and they took their [incinerated] bones, [or ashes], and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days" (I. Sam. xxxi. 12, 13). This was according to an oriental custom that especially honored the bodies of kings and other distinguished persons by cremating them, even tho the common people should be buried, allusion to which is made in Amos vi. 10 and Jer. xxxiv. 5. It was also intended to prevent the desecration of the dead by their enemies.

There have been those who have thought the practice of cremation incompatible with a belief in the resurrection, and have looked upon cremationists as infidels and atheists. Of these the most conspicuous spokesman is the very Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, who, standing at the altar of Westminster Abbey, July 5, 1874, in the midst of a vast congregation, gathered from all parts of the United Kingdom to hear him anathematize cremation, and with many of the most illustrious dead of the Christian world entombed about him, denounced the practice of incineration as "barbarous and unnatural," and said: "One of its very first fruits would be to undermine the faith of mankind in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body;" adding that "the extinction of that faith would bring about a most disastrous revolution, . . . confirming and increasing the widespread licentiousness and immorality which prevail in all the capitals of the world."

Truly this is a most appalling picture to contemplate! But is it not a wonder that when, as often must have happened in the course of his ministry at funerals, the Bishop saw the black mould turned up in the deeply buried churchyards of England, it did not occur to him that this mould was human ashes—the product of half a century's combustion—but ashes just as truly as those in the cinerary urn, and should present precisely the same obstacles to the Bishop's faith in the doctrine of the resurrection? And surely "the faith of mankind in the doctrine of the resurrection" must rest upon a frail foundation if a few crematory fires are going so speedily to destroy it all!

Possibly the illustrious dead of that grand pantheon would have been less eloquent in the good Bishop's cause if instead of speaking through his lips some of those death-dungeons could

have been opened, and the inmates of that vast charnel-house could have been seen in all the repulsive loathsomeness of their protracted putrefaction, wherein, through long decades and centuries, most literally "the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

Assuming the doctrine of the literal resurrection of the material body to be true, can it be supposed to be less possible or less easy for the all-knowing and almighty God to gather and revivify the material atoms after they have been oxidized and scattered by the agency of the incinerator than after precisely the same result has been accomplished by combustion in the earth? And if, as the Bishop of Lincoln seems to assume, it is impossible for God to raise up the bodies of those who have been burned, "What," it has been pertinently asked, "is to become of the blessed martyrs"—those who have suffered death at the stake or been broiled on beds of iron for the sake of truth and conscience?

Had his Grace the Bishop of Lincoln been graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, instead of Trinity College, Cambridge, he could daily during his undergraduate course have looked over into St. Gillis Street, a hundred yards to westward, upon one of the most beautiful Gothic monuments to be found in any land. This is known as "The Martyrs' Memorial," and was erected to commemorate the event, on the spot where Archbishop Cranmer and Bishops Latimer and Ridley were burned at the stake. And is there to be no resurrection for these holy men?

Let this beautiful memorial lift itself in graceful majesty to make answer also to the Bishop's declaration that "cremation would at once strike a fatal blow to all beautiful monumental architecture;" and beside it let there rise that most magnificent of monuments, Trajan's Column at Rome, which was built over the golden urn that contained the ashes of that emperor; and on the other side let there stand the grand prototype of all mausoleums, the monument which Artemisia erected at Halicarnassus over the ashes of her husband King Mausolus, which monument is known to us as one of "the seven wonders of the world."

JOHN D. BEUGLESS.

THE ARTIST AS PAINTER.

IN a previous number of this REVIEW I discussed the *technique* of the sculptor, throwing out, by the way, a few general hints respecting the character and function of that noble art which forms a basis for all true progress in formative expression. As in ancient Greece, so in Italy during the Renaissance, and in every marked epoch of art, sculpture necessarily precedes painting in its development. Every wise system of academic art-training recognizes the value of first grounding the pupil on a firm basis of plastic form—from the study of the antique he passes to the life school.

There are many points of contact between the arts—to a great extent they all exercise like faculties and tastes. The terms *painter*, *sculptor*, *architect*, are specific, with reference to the practice of particular arts, but the general term *artist* has a broader significance. One may be a painter, or a sculptor, and yet be in no proper sense an artist. The artist, in the larger sense, is the equivalent of poet—or rather it comprehends the poet as a maker or creator. Shakespeare was both artist and poet; so was Michael Angelo, and likewise Goethe. As artists they were masters of forms of expression, and as poets they expressed through these forms that which was emotional or poetic. In a general sense whatever is formative or creative in its means and methods is artistic. In recent times artists have so generally restricted themselves in their practice, under the dominating influence of modern specialism, that not only do we find painters, sculptors, and architects exclusively following their respective branches of art, but we find the painters restricted to a still narrower field as landscape-painters, portrait-painters, painters of marine, history, or *genre*. They are no longer artists in the

larger sense applicable to the great masters of the Renaissance, who united in their triumphs the practice of many arts. But there is evinced of late a new impulse that indicates a return to this broader conception of art. Recent exhibitions have shown the work of painters as sculptors, and of sculptors as painters; and if the practice be continued, the result cannot fail to be beneficial. Not only is there an intimate relation between the various branches of the several arts, but likewise, as I have said, there are innumerable points of contact between the arts themselves, a perception of which deepens with the degree to which we penetrate the subtleties of any single art.

In art every step taken by the artist in his practice is environed with considerations of *taste*, or artistic judgment, taxing, and resting upon, the general faculties of analysis and of synthesis. In the exercise of our perceptions we see things in their true character and relations only as we are capacitated to see them by intelligence. We bring home from market only the equivalent of that we carry in the pocket. A faculty for analyzing the sensible impression instantaneously, separating it into its various components, rejecting this, selecting that, and recomposing these accretions through the means of art, in materials widely removed from nature, this constitutes the artist. The laws governing the arrangement of the sensible image must be applied to the formation of a new unity, which is art. And they must be applied with that nice sense of truth, that fine judgment, which will give to the creations of art the character of life. It is idle, therefore, to undervalue the technical, in discussing a subject like that of art. The technical enters so intimately into every question of art, that to hope to arrive at any adequate enjoyment of its effects without some knowledge of its practice, or its principles, is impossible. How are we to become alive to the beauty that rests in a fine Greek statue without some very definite knowledge of the anatomy and function of the external forms of man? The sensibility is not blind; but it is only truly awakened through a knowledge of fact and truth: it is touched by a work of art when it finds in it a very subtle correspondence with nature.

Art, in the exercise of its higher function, is the imitation of the creative power, and not the servile copy of things. In

this respect painting and sculpture are imitative in a noble sense. We will see, therefore, in our analysis of art, that ever above the form hovers a still finer sense of form, an ideal deduced from the real. It has been cleverly said of the ancients that while they took nature for their model, they never mistook their model for nature. Herein we see the distinction between idealism and realism well suggested.

A close inspection of the methods of art, as applied to painting and sculpture, serve to make us better acquainted with the spirit and aim that animates the artist in his tasks. It also serves to direct the attention to underlying principles that govern taste in creations of art. Good taste is not a mere matter of instinct: the faculties on which it rests are subject to cultivation. There are, undoubtedly, what we term "natural gifts," as of an ear for rhythm, or an eye for form—physical qualifications, or proclivities in the rough—but these do not extend, in an undisciplined state, to the appreciation of the second or fifth symphony of Beethoven, nor to the plastic forms or frescos of Michael Angelo. The production of a work of art involves technical considerations of the finest nature. At every unfolding stage of his task the artist is environed with questions of fitness—what is appropriate? A character once conceived, whether it be in the novel, or the picture, or the statue, gathers to itself, by subtle laws, its natural complements. Thackeray was once upbraided for shaping the end of one of his characters—that of Colonel Newcome—as he did. He replied that *he* was not responsible for this, as it was the inevitable result of a chain of circumstances that was no less subject to law in the novel than in real life. The influence of circumstances—the *milieu*—on character naturally leading to inevitable issues. The artist's freedom, therefore, barely extends beyond his choice of subject, and every sequence is governed by law in its unfolding; art being merely the instrument through which these laws operate. It is the same in the experience of the sculptor—the action of the mind must permeate the whole figure, giving expression and movement to the forms—in the marble or bronze.

In all art, therefore, any subject that is conceived upon a certain plane must be shaped and governed by the laws that

operate on that plane; and when there is confusion of planes in the poem or the picture, the result is caricature, the effect ludicrous. Thus it is not the subject that elevates art, but rather the plane upon which the emotion or thought of the artist acts and moves. The subject may be an insignificant one, but, if nobly conceived and expressed the artist lifts it upon a plane that lends it dignity. In this view we may see how the humble, squalid peasant-pictures of Jean François Millet—fagot-binders, ragpickers, potato-diggers, conditions of life only just above the soil—may transcend in interest even the grandiose martyrdoms of mediæval art; for he somehow shows us, in his pictures, that there is a breadth and depth in the meanest human bosom “every way fit to house and domesticate the infinite divine love.” To touch a truly sympathetic chord in the human heart it is idle to use the materials of formal traditions. Sincerity is ever at the root of that which is most valuable in art. However, it is not now my purpose to discuss these general ideas, but rather to sketch briefly, within the scope of a single article, the methods and means employed by the painter in his practice.

Throughout its practice, art is so continuously a process of analysis and of synthesis, and is so perpetually referential, at every step, that few subjects offer a more inviting field in criticism. It may, perhaps, be a matter of little interest for those not specially devoted to art, to inquire technically and specifically into the means and methods employed by the painter in his practice; but the ends of art are so intimately connected with these means that there can be no adequate enjoyment of the result without some knowledge of this kind. The Greeks, as we find exemplified in Socrates, never rested content with the merely sensuous enjoyment of effects; they demanded, as well, the intellectual analysis of the means, which sharpened their appetite for ends.

In order, therefore, that we may form some idea of the methods of art-production, we will follow each successive step as the painter advances from the original motive—his subjective conception—to its finished objective expression in art. We will imagine him as having selected his subject; or, rather, we will go behind this, and consider the ground on which he bases his selection—for he must exercise choice with reference to the

powers of his art. Many subjects when first arrayed before the mind, seemingly offering many attractions, are found, by experience, to be deficient in certain requisites of pictorial art. The experienced artist generally sees these capabilities, or deficiencies, intuitively, at a glance; yet it not infrequently happens, even with the best artists, that a subject may present itself which, only after mature reflection and repeated experiment, is rejected. It is then probably abandoned, for the reason that its attractions were misleading; they were not of that character that could properly find expression in sensible form. Every art calls for a distinct habit of mind, which perceives and reasons through the media of the elements that compose the art. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor, while contemplating the same object, distinguish with emphasis those features that are best adapted to the form of expression they individually employ. A theme that may be well adapted for metrical form would, perhaps, offer no attraction for the painter or sculptor, and a subject that is eminently pictorial is for this very reason ill adapted to sculpture; while that which is sculpturesque lacks qualities that are of paramount importance in the other arts. A distinct order of *values*, therefore, is sought by the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, and these values rest on the correspondence of form in the means and methods of the various arts. In some instances, however, subjects may be recast so as to adapt them to these requirements—as manifested in illustrative art.

All experienced workers in art mature their subject well, in the mind, before proceeding to its technical expression: and it is in this unexpressed conception that its character is really determined. The artist collates his material, selects, synthesizes, or composes this under some leading idea, and then proceeds to embody it in art. The real labor is that of preparation for his task. For the skilled hand the expression is often a delightful pleasure—pleasurable even where skill is taxed to the utmost, and its exercise followed by extreme physical exhaustion. Vasari relates of Leonardo da Vinci that having been engaged by some Dominican monks to paint for the refectory of their monastery, at Milan, a certain work—the celebrated *Cenacolo*, or Last Supper—he was incessantly importuned by the

prior to bring his labors to completion, as the latter could in no way comprehend why the artist should remain for days together absorbed in thought before his picture. But it was through this very unexpressed activity of thought that the work was in reality being carried forward to completion. The complaints of the prior called forth from Leonardo the assertion that "men of genius are sometimes producing most when they are apparently laboring least, their minds being occupied in the elucidation of their ideas, and in the completion of those conceptions to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand."

Having his subject well thought out, whether it be a theme of history or the mere ordering of contrasts and relations of color and forms, as in the landscape—to the extent necessary to enable him to *see* "the living, acting idea, the sentiment when it becomes movement"—the painter advances his work by first sketching the forms and composing them in groups, either separately or in relation, on bits of paper or on the canvas; or, as is the practice with some masters, he may attack the final work at once with color. All methods of gradual preparation have their merits, since this admits of working out the theme through experiment, by affording opportunity for readjustment of the parts if they do not satisfy the eye or preserve a proper relation to the whole. For a conception as it exists in the mind is only seen in general form, and not through successive detail, while the methods of art necessarily advance through the latter. Methods of gradual preparation are imperative, therefore, with those who are not prepared to express themselves spontaneously and with precision—in short, when one has not attained to a complete mastery over the means. In literature a similar course is pursued when a writer prepares what he terms a *skeleton* of his proposed essay. But masters like Shakespeare and Goethe generally carried this order of arrangement in the mind, and rapidly advanced their work, *a la prima*, without blotting or erasing. And so it was with Tintoretto, Titian, and Rubens, and conspicuously with Michael Angelo—who, however, was sometimes led into scrapes by following such a course in sculpture: when his material gave out there was no remedy: he could not cut his statue in two at the waist and insert more marble, as one might insert more matter in the body of a discourse.

The composing of pictures is a matter of such importance in art that the term "composition" is often applied to them. To arrange or compose the materials, therefore, in a manner that is effective and forceful, is of the first importance. In any art what is more vicious in style than that of a discursive, incoherent, or confused arrangement, that subserves no unity and leads to no effective result? A picture that is thus defective, however accurate and pleasing in detail, fails to impress the observer. In composition there is a golden mean between excessive compactness and looseness, between tame monotony and overloaded incident, between bald generalization and excess of detail. Therefore the artist shapes and disposes his materials—his figures and forms—on the canvas in such order that the eye regards them simply and effectively. He avoids any confusion of forms that would perplex the eye. His desire is that the first glance shall decipher his motive, which the detail will simply enforce and extenuate. And so he advances the work by contributing what he deems necessary, and eliminating whatever can be spared. It was a maxim of Schiller that the master of style is indicated rather by what he omits than by what he says, and this holds good in all forms of art. When the labor of the artist is bestowed upon unessential accessories it weakens the character of the work: it diverts attention from greater things. Thus the details, when in excess, invite, allure, and distract the eye, and lead the mind away from the primal thought. This is the effect discernible in the work of minute elaborators, in whose pictures there is no distinction made between the leading idea and the most insignificant accessory. Contrast with such works the frescos of the Sistine ceilings, by Michael Angelo, and we see the distinction is one of character. The simplicity of those grand creations, "brooding on things to come," lift and expand the soul as we contemplate them. Minute elaboration, on the other hand, merely excites curiosity or a delight in simple imitative skill.

When the picture is composed—the forms or groups brought together in effective and proper relation—then the artist seeks in nature the material that will give life to these forms. He employs models for the separate figures. He draws the figures made, to determine correctly their forms, and then he clothes

them, and in clothing them he seeks that in their costume which precisely conforms with their character. The characteristics of mind, so far as may be evinced in sensible forms, are foreshadowed in the accessories of the person. Not only does one's walk, and every movement, express mental traits, but the garments of the body insensibly partake in some degree of the character of the man. It is very easy to detect in the picture whether the artist has conceived the character in the studio or in the field; whether he has *fancied* the humble belongings of character or *observed* them. Thus these insignificant accessories derive an importance through their relations; and an old hat, an old cloak, the very shoes upon the feet, may have a significance far beyond ordinary conception. Witness how suggestively and with what pathos Thackeray alludes here and there to old Colonel Newcome's clothes: how differently is that amiable character clothed when we first make his acquaintance, fresh from India, and when in the saddened twilight of his life as his light goes out in Grayfriars! Nothing is contemptible to the eye of the true artist, and if there be one thing that renders his vocation evangelistic, it is that it leads us to reverence things not for what they are, or may be, in themselves, but for what they may serve, as a means for expressing higher things.

When I say that the artist employs the living model in his work, it is not to be supposed that he finds in the individual employed for this purpose—who ordinarily is some one brought in from the street—the precise counterpart, the living reality, of his conception. The model he must use, but he must not subordinate his original conception to the accidental facts he finds there. He does not literally imitate what he finds in his model when he employs one for his picture. He indeed does this when he is using the model merely for purposes of study. But when employed for reference, to substantiate and ground in fact his own conceptions, the model serves him; he does not imitate or reproduce, he translates; for how could the unimpassioned, passive creature, that may be employed for such a purpose, know anything of the action passing in the mind of the artist? How could the sculptor of the Laocoön, for instance, find in his living model that agonized expression we see in the statue, sustained for the length of time requisite to model even the slightest mus-

cular action of the external forms? Indeed, were his model the first of living actors, it would be impossible to get up for the occasion an expression that would embody or express the conception of the sculptor of that group. The artist uses the model, therefore, simply to verify his own conception, to substantiate it on a basis of anatomical fact or natural truth. We may see, therefore, that the character of the artist must permeate his art. He cannot get away from it. An inferior mind cannot produce a superior work of art—water cannot rise above its source. However elevated his subject, he will inevitably drag it down to his own level. This is the secret of value in fine works of art: they express the mind and character of the artist. In the Madonna di San Sisto, therefore, we have not merely a sublime, humane image of a mother and child, but we have a reflection of the depth and tenderness of Raphael's own character as he labored over his picture. Whether it be a madonna or a landscape, therefore, it follows that art is nature *plus* the human sensibility through which the sensible image is reflected or transmitted. Art, therefore, is character, and character is the end of all human interests. But while these thoughts may be associated with the principal things in the picture, the artist must not overlook the fact that he is to touch the mind through the sense, while he makes melody in the soul he must charm and gratify the eye; for unless he does this the soul will none of his melodies. As we read the sonnet there is a finer rhythm of correspondence subsisting between the form and thought, more subtle than that which addresses the *ear*, which charms and gratifies the sensibility; for sensibility, in the æsthetic sense, is action growing out of the fusion of the sensible and the thoughtful—when objects of sense flow harmoniously into the mind, agreeably and naturally. The character of all poetic expression determines arbitrarily the form that alone is suitable for it. If the painter has selected a subject that is grave and sombre, he must adjust everything—color, composition, *chiaroscuro*, and even technical execution, harmoniously with this motive. A grave subject dressed in gay colors and treated with sprightliness would be incongruous. In painting, color is the element that particularly distinguishes this art, as such. But color without a substructure of form—that is, in the absence of design—is, in its harmonies

and contrasts, but of little more value than the sounds from an Æolian harp as compared with the symphonies of Beethoven. There must underlie its harmonies a structure that gives it firmness and significance. Tone reduces the contrasts and relations of color to order, as subserving some unifying effect.

But that element which, more than all others, is effective in pictures, and gives simplicity and force to the impressions they make upon the eye, is *chiaroscuro*, which signifies a unity of effect growing out of the relations of the lights and shadows as they are distributed over the canvas. Not only does this term apply to lights and shadows in the picture, but it comprehends likewise the arrangement of colors, with reference to their forces of light and dark. The distribution of light and dark objects in the picture "forms the masses of *chiaroscuro*, by combining or connecting their lights and shades in such a manner as to prevent the eye from wandering confusedly over the work." Titian illustrated this precept with a bunch of grapes: each grape, if seen separately, having its light and shade in equal degree, distracts the eye and produces tiresome confusion; but when connected in a general mass, having a larger distribution of light and shade, they are collectively embraced as a single, simple object. Upon *chiaroscuro* depends likewise the character of the picture, whether it be gay or gloomy, cheerful or solemn.

"Leonardoda Vinci was the first to make it apparent that *chiaroscuro* could express the depths of reverie as well as those of space, and, with all the reliefs of the body, the emotions of the soul. A precept advocated by Leonardo, that we should place a light background in contrast to a shadow, and a dark background to a mass of light, became a principle. But Rembrandt went further: he opposed to the shadow a still deeper tone, and to the light a still more vivid brilliance." Thus he added to Leonardo's precept the variety of light against light, and dark against dark; and, in short, Rembrandt has given us that infinite play of shadow and light which is unrestricted and capable of stimulating a great variety of emotions.

The old masters have left us not merely their finished works to admire, but in many instances they have left likewise the complete record of almost every step they took to mature and perfect them. The multiplied means for the reproduction of

these sketches or studies, in *fac-simile*, by photographic processes, now enable the artist to enjoy that advantage the printing-press formerly gave to the author exclusively—the press now scatters the fruits of the artist's mind no less broadly than hitherto it did those of the poet. Nothing is more valuable and instructive for the student than these sketches of the masters, for they discover to us the path over which the artist advances to his work. They show us the first elemental effort to embody the conception in form. They show, likewise, the experimental trials and modifications, in short the study bestowed upon the figures and groups, separately and in relation to the general composition. We learn through them that the most brilliant creations of genius are not supernatural inspirations thrown off by mere force of instinct, or intuition, through the redundance of creative energy. But they are wrought out with toil and thought, forged through much labor and patience upon the anvil of the actual—hard facts that underlie and substantiate the finest sentiment always. Carlyle said truly, within limitation, that genius was simply “an inordinate capacity for taking pains;” and I think any one who has studied attentively these preparatory sketches of the old masters will feel the truth of his assertion. They show us the gropings of the skilled hand in search for forms that correspond with the conception as it exists in the mind. They reveal the necessity, so palpably felt by every true artist or poet, that the emotional impulse, to be healthful and true, must rest on a firm basis of fact, and this distinguishes sentiment from sentimentality in art. I have before me a series of these *fac-simile* sketches, by Raphael, made in preparation for his picture of “The Transfiguration.” One of them is an outline pen-drawing, slightly shaded, of the entire composition. The figures are all entirely nude. Some four or five others are studies of the principal figures, drawn from the life. They are reproductions of the model, in the proposed attitudes, drawn entirely nude. Thus the anatomical forms and actions are accurately studied. Other sketches are of portions of the drapery, without the figures, but revealing, by the folds and cast, the forms within. From “The School of Athens” I have a series of these studies, of separate figures and of the various groups. These were his cartoons, evidently drawn large, and

directly from the models. Some of them are squared off with lines for the purpose of transferring them accurately to the walls. They are made in chalk and charcoal, and some of them show frequent changes in the outlines. As showing the extreme care and untiring patience of the master, one of them is a large study of several nude figures in violent action, which, in the finished composition, fills merely an insignificant bas-relief on the pedestal of a statue in the background. This shows a sensitive eye for truth; what was not directly inspired by nature, even in subordinate details, has little value in the estimate of the master. In the finished composition we see how he has modified all that he has gathered from his models, rendered more elegant the forms, clothed the figures with drapery the lines of which are the consummation of grace, and to the whole he has given that spontaneous and, as it were, unconscious action which transforms the commonplace and renders it beautiful.

Every experienced artist knows that nature does not exist in the model, but may be seen through the model. Nothing is farther from the truth than that realism which simply copies. It is through a thoughtful digest of facts that we discover truth. The facts under observation may be deformities, which are accidental deviations from nature's accustomed practice. Therefore they do not represent nature in the more select and permanent form. While there is no ideal form that has any pretension to truth, and consequently to beauty, outside of nature and independent of her laws, we must distinguish what is nature from what is a perversion of her tendencies and higher function. Unless this distinction is made we are not in an attitude to understand or appreciate the ideal as the Greeks manifested it in art. Thus we see that the artist inquires into nature, investigates and informs himself of the facts, with a studious insight no less acute than that of the scientist. But while the latter inquires for the sake of knowledge, the former inquires for the sake of production.

JOHN F. WEIR.

ANTECEDENT PROBABILITIES OF A REVELATION.

ASSUMING the existence of an Intelligent, Beneficent, Personal Power behind Nature, is there any reason for our knowing more of his will and purposes than we are able to discover by means of our natural faculties? Does not the question irresistibly arise, Why have we been brought into being? The inquiry is not purely speculative, but practical also; for, unless I know the end of my being, how can I know whether I am deporting myself so as to accomplish that for which I was created, or am wholly missing the mark? How inadequate our knowledge is has been beautifully expressed by Tennyson in the following lines:

“Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

“So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.”

(“In Memoriam,” liii.)

But must God's children forever cry, and their piteous pleading be unheeded? Can he listen coldly to the perpetual prayer of humanity for light, and never once in all the ages heed the piteous petition? Has he planted within the human spirit this longing for divine communications only as a mockery and a source of misery? The evidences of goodness in the constitution of nature seem to forbid such a supposition. In every organism there are appetites and desires, and correlative to them

there are at hand the means of gratification. The beneficence of Nature regards the wants of even the lowest and most insignificant creatures. Their wants are not only provided for, but their appearance in life is postponed with special reference to the preparation of means to supply their wants. "Insects do not emerge from the grub until the means of their subsistence are at hand; indeed, they conform to the irregularity of the seasons if the growth of the plants requisite for their food is delayed by bad weather" (Christlieb's "Modern Doubt," etc., p. 177). If this be referred by the naturalist to the environment rather than to the provisional act of a beneficent being, we have only to seek a little farther for an example that cannot be thus explained. "The larva of the male stag-beetle, when it becomes a chrysalis, constructs a larger case than it needs to contain its curled-up body, in order that the horns, which will presently grow, may also find room. What does the larva know of its future form of existence, and yet it arranges its house with a view to it!" (*Id.*, p. 157.) Has the Power behind Nature implanted this instinct in the larva for its benefit, foreseeing what it could not see, and has this same Power implanted in man, the highest earthly creature, a soul capable of self-determination and the consciousness of guilt, without making adequate provision for man's guidance and for the pardon of sin? But man's natural faculties do not enable him to know his whole duty or to discern a way of escape from the sense of guilt that pervades his consciousness when he violates the moral law that is written in his heart. A full and supernatural revelation seems necessary in order to inform his intellect, sustain his hopes, and assist his efforts. The proof of this is found in the experience of the ancient world. "One philosophical school followed another. What one proclaimed for truth was denied by its successor; the end was complete scepticism, doubt, and despair of all truth. 'What is truth?' asked Pilate, and with him multitudes of his contemporaries. In long array Cicero adduces the doctrines of different philosophers concerning the human soul, and then adds: 'Which of these opinions may be true a god may know; which may be only probable is a different question.' 'Ah! if one only might have a guide to truth,' sighs Seneca. Thus men then looked for guides; Plato, Pythagoras, the ancient philosophers,

must be such. The quest went beyond the Greeks; Egyptian, Indian wisdom seemed to offer still greater assurance. Thus something brought from far, replete with mystery, inspired confidence at first. Here, too, men discovered that they were deceived. 'We must wait,' Plato had already said, 'for One, be it a god or a god-inspired man, to teach us our religious duties, and, as Athene in Homer says to Diomed, to take away the darkness from our eyes;' and in another place: 'We must lay hold of the best human opinion, in order that, borne by it as on a raft, we may sail over the dangerous sea of life, unless we can find a stronger boat, or some word of God, which will more surely and safely carry us.' The old world, convinced of the fragility of its self-constructed float, now desired this stancher vessel; confused by its own wisdom, it longed for a Revelation." (Uhlhorn's "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism," pp. 69, 70.)

The modern world has not been more successful in the effort to satisfy its cravings for certainty. Descartes was compelled to retire to the precincts of the colorless abstraction, "*I think, therefore I am*," the barren assertion of self-existence, from which he emerged into the world of objective reality only with a painful slowness, if not with doubtful certainty. Spinoza mistook a mere definition for the total of truth, and from the imagined oneness of all substance proceeded by a metaphysical geometry to resolve all into God, obliterating in the process the Divine Personality, the human will, the immortality of the soul, and every rational motive and hope of life. Malebranche, lost amid two abstractions into which he resolved the known universe, elaborated with wonderful skill and eloquence his two mystical doctrines of the Vision of all things in God, and Occasional Causes. Locke, by restricting the origin of all knowledge to the sphere of the senses, tho admitting the power of reflection, laid the foundations of a philosophy that resulted in France in a soulless materialism, feeding the fires of political revolution and the holocaust of religious beliefs. Berkeley, following Locke, and writing in the interest of religion, denied our knowledge of the material world, and passed on to Hume an idealism which the latter quickly evaporated into nihilism, leaving in the darkened universe neither matter, soul, nor God. Leibnitz, the

most comprehensive spirit of his age, propounded his ingenious theory of monads, and concocted the fatalistic notion of pre-established harmony. Reid could do no better than to remind the world of its common-sense, which seemed, indeed, to have been forgotten. Kant boldly attempted the anatomy of the soul, leaving a detailed chart of its nature, but likewise leaving it a mutilated corpse that speculative philosophy seemed unable to galvanize into life, and which his practical philosophy restored only by the copious infusion of its own warm blood. Fichte bravely strove to evolve the universe from the *ego*, Schelling to evolve the *ego* from the universe, and Hegel to evolve both from nothing. Auguste Comte declared philosophy a failure, and grouped some hasty generalizations of physical science into a "positive philosophy," to which he afterwards added a "religion of humanity," in which he stripped from humanity everything distinctively human, and from religion everything distinctively religious. Hamilton, with unparalleled erudition, reinstated transcendentalism in England; but, tho a devout theist himself, left a heritage, borrowed from Pascal, in the doctrine of the conditioned and the unconditioned, which, if logically applied, would destroy theology. Mill, handing on the torch of empiricism received from the hand of his father and lighted by John Locke, burns the bridge between the soul and the outer world, and leaves man an isolated "thread of consciousness," a "series of sensations," wholly at the mercy of certain "permanent possibilities of sensation," unknown and unknowable. Spencer points backward to a certain "homogeneous somewhat," out of which all things have been slowly "differentiated" by the "unknowable;" which, nevertheless, he calls "force," and affirms that it is "persistent." Huxley, as a scientist, traces our protoplasmic ancestry through slimy reptiles, climbing apes, and mute savages, creeping upward through the ages from primal pools, only to point as a philosopher to nihilism, inherited from Hume. Such are the lights of the world!

We may well consider the wise words of Dr. Christlieb: "We maintain," he says, "that no philosophy which entirely rejected the aid of revelation and sought to comprehend the world and God by mere efforts of reason ever succeeded in attaining to any positive lasting results. From Thales and

Pythagoras onward to Hegel and Herbart, not only has one system taken the place in due time of another, but also by its criticism has demolished the earlier one. In criticism and negation, then, philosophy has made mighty strides; men have grown wiser in pulling down, but not in building up. The former is, no doubt, much the easier of the two. Down to our time, philosophers have come to no agreement even as to the basis from which philosophical speculation has to proceed; whether from some general principle or idea, or from matter; whether from the idea of pure being, or from consciousness; they are not agreed as to the relation between the real and the ideal, whether the former or the latter is that which truly is; not yet agreed as to the idea and nature of God and his relation to the world, nor as to that of man, his reason and his spirit; they are not yet agreed as to the relation existing between soul and body; nor as to our freedom of will and accountability; nor, in short, as to any one fundamental question in speculative knowledge, morals, or religion. In whatever direction we turn, we find ourselves confronted by 'open questions,' unsolved problems, and views either diametrically opposed or importantly divergent." (*Ubi supra*, p. 80.) Why is this so? Let us receive our answer from the high authority just quoted. "Philosophy," says Dr. Christlieb, "has ever desired to solve the questions What am I? Whence am I? and Whither am I and the world going? But who is it that puts these questions? Reason. But reason, we are told, is able to answer them. Is it able? *Would it persist in asking questions of which it knew the answer?*" (*Id.*, p. 76.) This is a significant question, and its answer must be a decided negative. Another question, however, not less significant, obtrudes itself upon us: *Would reason, the highest power in known creation, persist in asking questions to which there is no answer?* What means this tendency, then, universal in the human mind and springing out of its essential constitution, to reiterate in every age the questions What am I? Whence am I? and Whither do I tend? Does not the persistency of this tendency plainly indicate that there is in man's nature a constitutional demand for a supernatural revelation, a demand placed in the human spirit to guide it to the supernatural light when the light is flashed down from heaven upon our planet? The Star

in the East might appear and pass away unnoticed if the Magi of Earth were not waiting and watching for it. If an appetite is correlated to sustenance, why is not the persistent inquiry of reason correlated to revelation? An affirmative answer cannot be escaped, unless we assume that the Power behind Nature is less beneficent in gratifying the highest needs than in satisfying the lowest. Either that Power is capricious in action and the boasted uniformity of Nature's laws is a dream of speculation, or the watching of the Magi argues the appearance of the Star that shall guide their eager feet to the birth-spot of the Incarnate Word—the expected Revealer for whom Plato waited.

What must a revelation *contain* in order to meet the demand? Plainly, it must answer those questions which reason is forever asking, but can never answer, What am I? Whence am I? and Whither do I tend? It cannot fairly be expected to do more than supplement our natural faculties. It is unreasonable to suppose that it would in any respect supersede them and leave them without a purpose. This would be equivalent to an act of repentance in the Creative Power, and would imply a blunder in man's primary constitution. Here is apparent the error of those who expect to find in a revelation a full explanation of the system of Nature—an astronomy, a geology, a botany, a zoölogy, a psychology, a logic—either one or all. It is enough if what we know of these sciences is not directly contradicted. It would be no impediment to our acceptance of a suitably accredited revelation if terms were employed in it based on the *apparent* rather than on the *real* constitution of the universe; for, being a communication to man, man's modes of expression must be adopted in order to make the contents intelligible to him. If natural facts undiscovered by man's faculties were taken for granted or expressly declared, the communications made might seem needlessly to contradict his knowledge, or to contain incredible paradoxes. This would only prevent the reception of the revelation by a portion, at least, of mankind. But, however this might be, the revelation of anything that could be known by the methods of human science, or of what might be experimentally ascertained, would be apart from the main purpose for which supernatural enlightenment is needed. References to anything in the sphere of science, then, would naturally

be few, brief, and purely incidental. If absolutely and irreconcilably contradictory to known facts, the statement of a pretended revelation could not be rationally accepted; but it would be natural that anticipations of known facts would be misunderstood by those who did not possess full knowledge. This would necessitate a *progress* in the interpretation of a revelation, the rejection of old interpretations and the formation of new ones. This would not invalidate the revelation in any sense, unless those particulars were involved which it was the express design of the revelation to declare. Even among those particulars there might be some that would be important to one age and not to another; some which, at any given moment of time, would be obsolete; and others which, at that same time, would be of only prospective value. Nor would it be strange if such a revelation as man needs should be wholly meaningless to all the men of any given age of the world; for it might be important that it should exist in order that time might confirm its authority by showing that events were foretold in it long before their occurrence. Much less, then, would it be strange if there were some particulars that would be unintelligible to the men of one age, since these might be intended for the benefit of subsequent generations. Indeed, it would be expected that a revelation would contain many things not confirmed by our natural faculties, and many that might be surprising to us, for the communication of these would be the very object of a revelation, inasmuch as they would be beyond human discovery and proof. It would not be a reason for our rejecting either the whole or part of a well-attested communication if it should contain some announcements that were disagreeable to us, or if it should impose some very difficult tasks upon us, or if it should point out many errors in our conduct or in our judgments of which we had not formerly been conscious. In brief, we could form no *a priori* conclusion as to what announcements it would contain, or how they would affect us, beyond the expectation that it would inform us of what we need to know for the practical ends of life in reply to the questions What am I? Whence am I? and Whither do I tend? Nor would these answers be likely to assume such forms as to gratify an idle curiosity, but rather to meet a felt spiritual demand in our higher nature. Hence we

could not fairly reject a well-accredited revelation because it was deficient in scientific completeness, or because it was not expressed in scientific forms of language, or because its full meaning could be learned only gradually, or because it contained matters unintelligible to us, or because its contents were not rationally demonstrable, or because its announcements were disagreeable to us, or because it failed to gratify an idle curiosity.

What *form* would a revelation be expected to assume? Concerning this we could hardly frame a reasonable conjecture. If we could anticipate the form, it might seem, on this very account, that the revelation was not a divine, but a human, product. All that we could expect would be that the form should be such that the revelation could be clearly proved to be a revelation and not a mere human fabrication, and that it could be preserved and transmitted, in its substance at least, to future ages. It might consist in the appearance of a living being whose words and conduct should declare the truth we need, or a succession of such living beings. It might consist in a written document or a series of documents, composed in human language. Or it might consist in a combination of persons and documents appearing at intervals, each with a new increment of truth to announce or record. These might add very considerably to the sum of revelation from time to time, and this condition would argue nothing against the earlier revelations. Nothing but a direct contradiction could fairly be understood as invalidating the claims of any one of several parts in the progressive total of the revelation. New interpretations of the old might be necessitated by the new. This would be only a parallel to the progress of human science. The facts of chemistry, for example, remain ever the same, but old theories are constantly giving place to new ones. Nor does this show that the chemistry of the eighteenth century was either false or useless, but merely that it was incomplete. A theology based upon the early portion of a revelation in like manner would be neither false nor useless, but merely incomplete. It would be natural, indeed, to hold in comparatively light esteem early and partial instalments of a revelation, after the later and fuller instalments had been added; but to affect a contempt for the earlier knowl-

edge would be as unreasonable as a contempt of childhood on the part of manhood. All Nature reveals development. We find it in the growth of the human mind and body as well as in every human science and in every form of social polity. We find it in the history of thought, invention, art, and politics. It would be anomalous, indeed, if we did not find it in a revelation designed for men of different attainments and of different consequent needs. The progressiveness of a revelation, however, might easily be imagined by some as an objection to its genuineness; for the contrast between its earlier and later parts would necessarily be vivid in proportion to the extent of the developments; and this vivid contrast might easily suggest inconsistency and even apparent contradiction between the extremes. The superior dignity and more refined expression of the latest part of the revelation, being intended for a mature age, would possibly render the communications to the world in its intellectual infancy relatively childish, if not almost incredible. This being almost necessary, some apparent crudities and puerilities might naturally appear in a revelation without invalidating any portion of it. To urge their presence in a series of communications pretending to be divine as a refutation of the claim, would be as foolish as to question the wisdom and kindness of the father who gives a picture-book to his son when he is an infant and bestows upon him a library of learned volumes when he becomes a man. But if, side by side with supposed crudities, there should be found truth so sublime and recondite as to transcend human powers of discovery in the early age when the statement of it was made, truth which subsequent science should confirm and demonstrate, truth which no age could outgrow, truth which every age should esteem more and more highly as its grandeur became more evident—this would be a conclusive proof that the communication of it was supernatural. Such evidence might in time come to have such force with persons capable of estimating its conclusiveness as to lead them to suppose that no other proof of the reality of the revelation was needed. This conviction might even become so established in their minds as to induce them to regard any other kind of proof as a reproach to their intelligence. Signs and wonders, necessary at first to the confirmation of the truth,

might thus come to be esteemed positive disadvantages, since contradictions to the ordinary course of Nature, or even occurrences unknown to ordinary human experience, seem to require special proof of their reality, or may appear to the scientific mind absolutely impossible. Thus the very proofs demanded by one age may become incredible to the superficial thinkers of another age, and indeed to all who do not consider what proofs are necessary to assure the reception of a revelation at the time of its first announcement.

How, then, must a communication be *accredited* in order that it may be accepted as having a divine origin and authority? Rationalism asserts that truth bears its own credentials—that it needs only to be clearly stated in order to be universally received. Tested by this criterion, very little truth would be left in the world, for no truth has been universally received. The existence of efficient causes, of final causes, of a soul, of an external world, in fact of everything, has been at some time denied. The validity of sense-perception, of reasoning, and even of consciousness, upon which all knowledge rests, has been repeatedly questioned, and it is repudiated by whole schools of philosophy. How, then, can it be soberly affirmed that truth is its own witness and needs no confirmation? But how shall we expect reason to recognize and accept answers to the questions What am I? Whence am I? and Whither do I tend? when history shows that the answers are not found in the sphere of reason? How can reason confirm what reason does not know? Every possible answer has been given to these questions, What? Whence? and Whither? Does reason universally accept any one of them? Suppose one to write out answers to these questions and affirm that these are answers revealed to him, on what ground shall we accept the answers as true? Shall we accept them because reason knows them to be true? If reason had known the answers, the questions would never have been asked; or, at least, all men would spontaneously give one answer. Shall we accept them because of the character of the man who gives the answers? Men of the purest character have given the most opposite answers. Shall we accept them because the person who gives them claims to be divine? How shall we know that he is not a deluded enthusiast or a lunatic, such as those in the asy-

lums who solemnly declare themselves to be "God the Father"? How, in short, shall we distinguish between the divinely appointed revealer and the cunning or self-deceived pretender? How shall we decide between the conflicting claims of Jesus Christ, Zoroaster, Buddha, Mahomet, Emanuel Swedenborg, and Joseph Smith? What can decisively determine our judgments, except credentials of an unmistakable character as to the supernatural origin of the revelation which they attest? If the revelation be only natural, it will not meet the demand; for the answers to our questions cannot be obtained in the sphere of our natural faculties. The questions are propounded to the Power *behind* Nature; they are not therefore to be answered by any response of Nature, not even by human nature, for it is human nature that asks, on bended knee, with bowed head and with imploring hands, that its helpless ignorance may be enlightened. The *inquiry* is made of the *supernatural*, and the *reply* must come from the supernatural. In order that we may know that the answer comes from the supernatural, it must appear in a supernatural halo of confirmation. Nothing short of this will meet the case. The modern antagonism to a supernatural revelation is bitter and relentless in its mockery of a religion based upon the miraculous. It sneers with unutterable scorn at what it caricatures as "divine magic;" as if the Creator of heaven and earth would descend to the low level of a common showman, and astonish mankind with celestial sleight-of-hand performances! How grossly irrational this opposition to the miraculous is becomes apparent as soon as the true state of the case is candidly considered. Man has been endowed with longings after knowledge that reason cannot furnish. This knowledge is important to the guidance of life, and to the attainment of the highest ends of existence. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the Power behind Nature can furnish this knowledge? Is it "divine magic" to reveal this knowledge to man and to confirm its supernatural origin and authority by supernatural signs? Does this supernatural supplement imply imperfection in the original constitution of man? or does it not rather dignify man by making him a special object of regard in the supernatural gratification of his highest desires, while at the same time it enlarges his conception of his Creator as a Being

whose resources are not exhausted even in the production of this visible universe of wonders?

The hostility to a supernatural revelation and to miracles in general as a confirmation of religion, so general and so bitter in our times, proceeds from an atheistic or, what is practically the same, a pantheistic conception of the universe. Modern rationalism in theology and the extreme scepticism of Strauss, Rénan, and the Tübingen school of criticism grew out of the pantheistic philosophies of Germany, and especially the system of Hegel, which allows no personal Power behind Nature. If there *be* no supernatural, it is, of course, idle for man to appeal to it. But as soon as we admit that there is a source of knowledge beyond Nature, all the objections to miracles fall to the ground. Hence if we accept theism, we need have no difficulty with the destructive criticism that would resolve every miraculous revelation into myths or legends, for this criticism proceeds distinctively upon the denial of the supernatural. Strauss lays down at the beginning the critical canon that a miracle is never to be believed, and that the narrative in which it is found is so far, at least, unhistorical. Renan holds the same opinion. "The Bible for Learners," a rationalistic travesty of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the latest and most popular exposition of the Tübingen school of criticism, is constructed upon the presumption that every narrative containing any element of the supernatural is of necessity a legend, for a miracle is an impossibility.

But before deciding as to the possibility of a miracle we need to have a clear idea of its *nature*. What is a miracle? It is not merely a *wonder*, for Nature is full of wonders. It is not merely a *mystery*, for Nature is full of mysteries. It is not necessarily a *contradiction* of natural laws, for this would indeed make a miracle *unnatural* and difficult to believe. It is an occurrence *transcending* natural laws for an *intelligible purpose*, and displaying a *control over natural forces*. Thus, while a miracle is not *unnatural*, it is essentially and distinctively *supernatural*. A strange and unprecedented occurrence is not a miracle. It must have an intelligible purpose and manifest a designed control, or it is a mere wonder. Thus regarded, a miracle is a divine manifestation, and miracles are the expressive language of supernatural revelation. A miracle is not, therefore, a sleight-of-hand

performance, tho a mere trick of a magician may be mistaken for a miracle by the superstitious, just as a fallacy may be mistaken for an argument by the dull. The probative value of a miracle is not destroyed by the fact that the simple may be deceived by a trick, any more than the conclusiveness of a sound argument is invalidated by the fact that men are daily beguiled by sophistry. A real miracle is a certain manifestation of the supernatural, and the difficulty lies wholly in the proof that the miracle has been performed. There is, indeed, in every case a metaphysical possibility that we may not be able to distinguish a miracle from a trick, but there is also the experimental certainty that men are constantly confounding arguments and sophisms. The truth is that a finite mind cannot know anything infallibly, for all our senses sometimes deceive us; but it is unfair and unphilosophical to place metaphysical difficulties in the way of supernatural knowledge which we do not practically place in the way of natural knowledge.

It is decidedly against the modern speculative denial of miracles that the chief objections urged against them were first clearly stated and pressed upon the attention of modern thinkers by one whose system of philosophy was blank nihilism—a hopeless scepticism that swept away the foundations of all knowledge, natural as well as supernatural. David Hume, the nihilist, wrote his “*Natural History of Religion*” in 1757, and it was posthumously published twenty years later. The speculative objections urged in that work against the possibility and the proof of miracles have animated all subsequent attacks upon supernatural religion. Hume’s quibbles have taken root in speculative minds so generally that, as Strauss confesses, “the chief offence which the old system of religion necessarily gives to the spirit of our age is its superstitious belief in miracles” (“*Leben Jesu*,” 1864, p. xviii.).

Hume’s view of the subject is thus presented by his latest biographer, sympathetic expounder, and admiring disciple, Prof. Huxley: “If our beliefs of expectation are based upon our beliefs of memory, and anticipation is only inverted recollection, it necessarily follows that every belief of expectation implies the belief that the future will have a certain resemblance to the past. From the first hour of experience onwards, this belief is

constantly being verified, until old age is inclined to suspect that experience has nothing new to offer. And when the experience of generation after generation is recorded, and a single book tells us more than Methusaleh could have learned had he spent every waking hour of his thousand years in learning; when apparent disorders are found to be only the recurrent pulses of a slow-working order, and the wonder of a year becomes the commonplace of a century; when repeated and minute examination never reveals a break in the chain of causes and effects, and the whole edifice of practical life is built upon our faith in its continuity, the belief that that chain has never been broken and will never be broken becomes one of the strongest and most justifiable of human convictions. And it must be admitted to be a reasonable request, if we ask those who would have us put faith in the actual occurrence of interruptions of that order to produce evidence in favor of their view not only equal but superior in weight to that which leads us to adopt ours. This is the essential argument of Hume's famous disquisition upon miracles." ("Hume," English Men of Letters Series, pp. 127, 128.)

Experience is, as Hume claims, our ground of expectation, but is it not a common experience that our experience is enlarged and even contradicted? It does indeed indicate the probable, but it can never reach absolute certainty. The only ground presented by Hume for our belief that the chain of known sequences will never be broken is that the chain never has been broken. His assumption is, then, that the future will be like the past. But how does he know that the future will resemble the past? He can be certain of this only by knowing that the resources of Nature have been entirely exhausted. To know this would imply omniscience, which Hume makes no claim to possess.

Hume's great mistake lies in defining a miracle as "a violation of natural laws." This, as we have shown, would be *unnatural*, whereas a miracle is only *supernatural*. Huxley perceives and criticises this error. He says, "The definition of a miracle as a suspension or a contradiction of the order of Nature is self-contradictory, because all we know of the order of Nature is our observation of the course of events, of which the so-called miracle is a part" (*Id.*, p. 131). Huxley errs, however, in assert-

ing that the so-called miracle is a part of Nature. It is not *natural* for one to rise from the dead, it is *supernatural*; and if a case were proved to be *real*, all men would admit this. The difficulty lies in the *proof*. Here is Hume's really strong point. He contends that testimony cannot prove the occurrence of a miracle, for it is more probable that men will lie than that a miracle will occur.

This position requires close examination. Huxley thus states his own ground: "The more a statement of facts conflicts with previous experience, the more complete must be the evidence which is to justify us in believing it. It is upon this principle that every one carries on the business of common life. If a man tells me he saw a piebald horse in Piccadilly, I believe him without hesitation. The thing itself is likely enough, and there is no imaginable motive for his deceiving me. But if the same person tells me he observed a zebra there, I might hesitate a little about accepting his testimony, unless I were well satisfied not only as to his previous acquaintance with zebras, but as to his powers and opportunity of observation in the present case. If, however, my informant assured me that he beheld a centaur trotting down that famous thoroughfare, I should emphatically decline to credit his statement; and this even if he were the most saintly of men, and ready to suffer martyrdom to support his belief." (*Id.*, p. 132.) This is good sense, and most sane men would accept it as such. No one differs from him in refusing to believe in the existence of a centaur, because there is absolutely *no reason why it should exist*. But suppose there *is* a good reason for believing that an object exists, tho it has never been seen, is testimony concerning it so incredible? Let us test Professor Huxley with a practical case. The origin of life on the globe is unknown to science, and presents the greatest mystery with which science has to deal. Suppose some one should affirm that he had discovered at the bottom of the sea a vast body of living matter, extending in a mighty belt nearly round the globe, and that all terrestrial life, including the human, originated in and was derived from this long-undiscovered mass: would this be credible? It was so to Huxley, and he paraded his supposed discovery in a scientific journal, announcing to the world, "Bathybius," for thus he christened his monster, "is a vast sheet

of living matter enveloping the whole earth beneath the sea." How inadequate the evidence was for the existence of this Bathybius is evident from Huxley's subsequent retraction of his theory, and the following careful statement of Dr. Lionel S. Beale, made after a close examination. "Bathybius," says Dr. Beale, "instead of being a widely extending sheet of living matter which grows at the expense of inorganic elements, is rather to be regarded as a complex mass of slime, with many foreign bodies and the *débris* of living organisms which have passed away" ("Protoplasm, or Matter and Life," p. 110). Yet Strauss had hailed this wonderful discovery as bridging the chasm between the organic and the inorganic, and as expelling the miracle of the creation of life from the universe. How could Huxley believe in a Bathybius so easily and refuse to believe in the existence of a centaur on any testimony? The plain answer is that he saw a *reason* why Bathybius should exist, but *no reason* for the existence of a centaur. The mystery of life was, as far as possible, to be explained. Now apply the same test to miracles designed to confirm a revelation. There is a *reason* why man should receive a communication from the supernatural, and such a communication could be confirmed, as we have seen, only by supernatural signs. How unfair it is, then, to rank miracles designed to be evidential of a revelation with stories of a centaur appearing in Piccadilly! Yet he declares that "judged by either the canons of common-sense or of science, which are indeed one and the same, all 'miracles' are centaurs or they would not be miracles, and men of sense and science will deal with them on the same principles" ("Hume," p. 134).

John Stuart Mill, who was in many respects a disciple of Hume, candidly states the case thus: "A miracle is no contradiction to the laws of cause and effect: it is a new effect supposed to be produced by the introduction of a new cause. Of the adequacy of that cause, if present, there can be no doubt, and the only antecedent improbability which can be ascribed to the miracle is the improbability that any such cause existed. All, therefore, which Hume has made out is that (at least in the imperfect state of our knowledge of natural agencies, which leaves it always possible that some of the physical antecedents

may have been hidden from us) no evidence can prove a miracle to any one who did not previously believe in the existence of a being or beings with supernatural power, or who believes himself to have full proof that the character of the Being whom he recognizes is inconsistent with his having seen fit to interfere on the occasion in question. If we do not already believe in supernatural agencies, no miracle can prove to us their existence." ("A System of Logic," p. 440.) No exception can fairly be taken to these words of Mill. Our plea for the credibility of miracles rests wholly upon the assumption that there is an Intelligent, Beneficent, and Personal Power behind Nature. We claim, therefore, on the authority of Mill, that there is no antecedent improbability of a miracle designed to confirm a supernatural revelation, *except to an atheist*. We also claim that no man, whatever his mental tendencies may be, can abide permanently and peacefully in absolute atheism. Mill did not. While rejecting all other arguments as wholly valueless, Mill concedes, in his essay on "Theism," considerable weight to the argument from design. Having spoken of evolution by natural law, he says: "Leaving this remarkable speculation to whatever fate the progress of discovery may have in store for it, I think it must be allowed that, in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptations in Nature afford *a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence*." (Three Essays on Religion, p. 174.) Even Hume was not a hopeless atheist. Leslie Stephen, an admirer of Hume, writes in concluding an account of his opinions: "A vague belief, too impalpable to be imprisoned in formulæ or condensed into demonstrations, still survived in his mind, suggesting that there must be something behind the veil, and something, perhaps, bearing a remote analogy to human intelligence" ("English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i. p. 342). Nowhere among great thinkers do we find unfaltering certainty that there is no supernatural. As long as this is the case, a miracle, rightly understood, cannot be rationally pronounced impossible, and testimony to the actual occurrence of a miracle is not necessarily false.

But Hume seems to go farther than Stephen's words would represent. In one of his candid moods he writes: "The whole

frame of Nature bespeaks an Intelligent Author ; and no rational inquirer can, after serious reflection, suspend his belief a moment with regard to the primary principles of genuine Theism and Religion" ("Essays," vol. iv. p. 435). Commenting on our ignorance of the attributes of the Deity, he says, in another place, "Believe me, Cleanthes, the most natural sentiment which a well-disposed mind will feel on this occasion is a longing desire and expectation that Heaven would be pleased to dissipate, at least alleviate, this profound ignorance by affording some more particular revelation to mankind, and making discoveries of the nature, attributes, and operations of the divine object of our faith" ("Essays," vol. ii. pp. 547, 548). As a "rational inquirer," then, even this illustrious manufacturer of doubts could not deny an intelligent Power behind Nature, nor that a "well-disposed mind" would desire and expect "a more particular revelation" than Nature affords. How is this desired and expected revelation to be given? Having conceded so much, in Mill's judgment, Hume could not logically refrain from conceding also that this revelation might be attended by miracles. All *a priori* objections being now removed, why should not the testimony of a sufficient number of witnesses, intellectually and morally competent, be received? If no further objection can be urged, there remains no case against a miraculous revelation.

DAVID J. HILL.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

IT is only a few months since the chance remark of an eminent American novelist in praise of another American novelist raised a most amusing tempest in a teapot in the right little, tight little island of Great Britain, and revealed to the joyful gaze of the delighted American observer the wholly unexpected fact that our British brethren are now as thin-skinned as we were once, and that the slightest pin-scratch on their gentle epidermis will bring blood and leave an ugly scar. Altho incautiously worded, Mr. Howells's assertion was substantially indisputable, since he did no more than declare the commonplace that the art of novel-writing refuses to stand still and is always in course of evolution. Like all other arts, it must go forward, under penalty of going back if it pause. In original genius the novelists of to-day may not be the equals of the novelists of yesterday; but their art is finer to-day than it was yesterday. The great novelists of the past would be the first to recognize this fact and to avail themselves with delight of the improved formulas of the present. It happens that among the English-speaking peoples these formulas have received their greatest extension on the American side of the Atlantic. Just now the art of the American novelist is a finer art, truer, more exact, than the art of the British novelist. Altho the British critic may hesitate to acknowledge this, the American critic proclaims it aloud, and the French critic sets it forth in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the enlightenment of both hemispheres.

And it is only common courtesy in the French to come to the support of the American and to reinforce him at the moment of victory, for it is to a study of French models that the American novelist owes his finer art, his more delicate touch, and his more symmetrical construction. Both directly and in-

directly the effect of French fiction is greater in the United States than in Great Britain. For one thing, French novels are far more widely read in America than in England. Probably as many Americans as English read the latest tale of M. Cherbuliez, M. Daudet, or M. Zola in the original French. Certainly many more Americans than English read it in a translation, for the simple reason that five times as many translations into English of French novels are published in the United States as in Great Britain. It is only now and again that a French novel is deemed of sufficient importance in England to warrant a translation. But in these free and United States, where the absence of any adequate copyright legislation makes it seem easier to take a foreign author's work for nothing than to pay a native workman, the novels of all the chief French novelists appear in translation within a few weeks after their publication in Paris. It is possible in New York to pick up translations into English of nearly every novel of M. Octave Feuillet, of M. Emile Zola, of M. Alphonse Daudet and of M. Victor Cherbuliez. It would not be possible in London. Nor is the desire of that extraordinary entity the Average Reader to get the best foreign fiction confined wholly to French novels. There is an American edition of Turguénieff—for whose works you might ask in vain in any English book-store. There are American editions of the novels of Auerbach and of Björnson—whose works are almost wholly unknown to the mass of English novel-readers. There are several German novelists whose tales are familiar and accessible in English to Americans as they are not to the British. To say this, of course, is merely to give instances of the more cosmopolitan nature of the American reading public and to show that it lacks the insularity on which the British public prides itself. However, any dwelling on Russian or Scandinavian or German novelists is foreign to the present purpose of this paper. For the novelists of France have influenced the novelists of America far more than the novelists of any other nation, far more indeed, than the novelists of all other nations combined—England alone excepted.

In France just now there are to be noted most curious and instructive developments in the art of story-telling; and there is to be seen at work a most curious process of evolution. The

novel in France is in the act of rapid growth in influence and of rapid change in form. It is gaining here and losing there. It is enlarging its scope on most sides and it is revising its formulas. Of course it is too soon to see exactly where the revolution will land us, while we may see dimly where it is leading. Unfortunately we are too close to the event to observe its full bearing. We cannot declare with precision the grand sweep of the current, tho we may now and again catch a glimpse of the smaller eddies and whirlpools. As Yankee Doodle says, the houses keep us from seeing the town, and we cannot see the forest for the trees. We have before us too many novels and too many novelists to be able to remark with absolute exactness just what the Novel is. Therefore is it impossible now to give a philosophic study of French fiction as it is in this ninth decade of the nineteenth century. The most that may be done is to set down a few notes here and there, fixing salient facts, and co-ordinated as well as may be. These notes will be of use not as an elaborate treatise or a serried criticism on the novelists now writing in France, but rather as records of fleeting events and of constantly changing impressions. In a word, this article is an honest and a humble attempt to take an instantaneous photograph of one aspect of French fiction as seen in 1883.

There was a time, not very long ago, when it seemed to be absolutely indisputable that the French were far greater dramatists than novelists, and even that the French drama of the nineteenth century was far superior to the French prose-fiction of the same period. I cannot say that I have altogether changed my mind, but the case is not as clear to me as it once was. The roll of the dramatists is long and honorable, and wholly unequalled in any contemporary literature. The plays of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Auguste Maquet, Eugène Scribe, Alfred de Vigny, Casimir Delavigne, François Ponsard, Alfred de Musset, Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, Théodore Barrière, Mme. de Girardin, Victorien Sardou, Edmond Gondinet, Eugène Labiche, Octave Feuillet, Adolphe Dennery, Ernest Legouvé, Henri Meilhac, and Ludovic Halévy form a body of dramatic writing of the most imposing weight, which any other language may well envy. But Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, the elder and the younger Dumas, Alfred de Musset,

Jules Sandeau, Octave Feuillet, and now Ludovic Halévy are novelists as well as dramatists. To offset the remaining dramatists, there are Honoré de Balzac, Charles de Bernard, "George Sand," Gustave Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, Alphonse Daudet, Erckmann-Chatrian, Victor Cherbuliez, Jules Verne, Emile Zola, Jules Claretie, Georges Ohnet, Emile Gaboriau, Henri Gréville, —who are primarily novelists, tho they each and all, having been tempted of the devil, have essayed the stage. A comparison of the list of the Frenchmen of the past half-century to whom the drama is the natural form of expression and whose genius finds its fullest freedom upon the stage with the list of the Frenchmen of the past half-century who have done their best as novelists in spite of any little leanings toward the stage revealed now and again —this comparison shows that the apparent superiority of the dramatists over the novelists may perhaps be due rather to the fact that the contemporary drama of France is very much better than the contemporary drama of any other country; while the contemporary prose-fiction of France, admirable as it is, strong and picturesque and rich as it is, is not, however, absolutely unrivalled, if indeed it may fairly be called greater than that of Great Britain. Alongside of contemporary French dramatic literature there is no English or German dramatic literature to bear a serious and searching examination. Alongside contemporary French prose-fiction there is a contemporary English prose-fiction which can hold its own sturdily. With the full recollection of the ample performance of Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, and "George Eliot," it is not difficult to deny any intellectual superiority to the prose-fiction of the French, even tho it is illumined by the great works of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Honoré de Balzac, and "George Sand." I am not declaring any equality or superiority —far from it; my desire is only to show that the argument is open and may be made by whoso will. But argument as to the relative merit of the contemporary drama of France and England is futile.

Whether the apparent superiority of the French drama over French prose-fiction was due to its actual superiority over the drama of other languages or not, there can be no doubt that in France now the novel is rapidly gaining on the play. Time was.

when the drama alone appealed to a large circle, and when the man who wished to lift up his voice in public had to deliver his message in the theatre. This is now no longer the case. During the past ten years an extraordinary change has taken place in the temper and in certain of the habits of the French. Once upon a time the French were not a reading people. Nowadays a single novel sells a hundred thousand copies. For the first time in the history of French literature the novelist is beginning to be as well paid as the dramatist. When Scribe brought to life again the Society of Dramatic Authors projected by Beaumarchais, and set it firmly on its legs, he assured the ample pay of the dramatist, who was thereafter enabled to receive about one tenth of the gross receipts of the theatre on every night that his play provided the entertainment. A theatre in Paris may take in from three thousand to ten thousand francs a performance—of which the authors would receive from three hundred to a thousand francs: and a successful play is often acted for a hundred successive nights. If a piece really makes a hit in Paris it brings in to its happy author a sum varying from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars: and this is for the performances in Paris only, independent of the sums received from the provinces of France, from Italy and Germany, from England and America. The writing of novels offered no reward like this. Indeed, the novelist's greatest hope of profit was that his story might be striking enough and popular enough to tempt a manager to ask him to let it be dramatized. Even in this case the possible profit was always shared with the professional dramatist to whom was entrusted the thankless task of shaping to the stage a story constructed without regard to the exigencies of the theatre. The difficulties of dramatic construction are too well understood in France for a manager or even for the novelist himself to be willing to dispense with the aid of an expert in putting the story on the stage. But of course it was only a very few novels, out of the hundreds written every year, which were deemed worthy of dramatization. In general, the novelist had to rely for his reward on the sum received from a newspaper or review for the serial publication of his tale and on the proceeds of the sale of the book itself.

The elder Dumas, with his marvellous fecundity and his great

renown, managed to get good prices from the newspapers for his delightful and interminable tales of adventure. So too did Eugène Sue with his fantastic attempts at realism. But Dumas and Sue were in a measure able to command their own terms, and these terms were altogether exceptional. They were as exceptional as the hundred thousand francs paid to Victor Hugo for the right to publish 'Les Misérables.' The very noise and tumult excited by the report of these extraordinary prices go to prove that they were hitherto unheard of and altogether out of the way. Balzac is a name of greater weight in the history of fiction than either Hugo or Dumas—and how very far Balzac was from receiving any such terms, or indeed any terms at all adequate to his gigantic powers, may be seen by the reader of his deeply interesting and highly characteristic correspondence, which is as full of references to money as one of Trollope's novels. "George Sand is the unapproached artist who to Jean Jacques's eloquence and deep sense of external nature unites the clear delineation of character and the tragic depth of passion," wrote George Eliot, the one Englishwoman who surpassed George Sand in both the gifts for the possession of which the Frenchwoman was praised: George Sand gained a European reputation at the very beginning of her literary career. Yet George Sand lived laborious days and nights and worked long and unceasingly for a meagre pittance, for a bare support for herself and her two children.

In 1835 Emile de Girardin, so M. Jules Claretie has lately reminded us, carried on a discussion with Balzac as to the literary supply and demand in France at that time. Girardin declared that all contemporary French novelists might be divided into five categories. First, those whose works were sold to the extent of twenty-five hundred copies: there were but two, Victor Hugo and Paul de Kock. Second, those whose works sold perhaps fifteen hundred copies: there were but four of them, Balzac, Soulié, Sue, and Janin. Third, those whose works sold from one thousand to twelve hundred copies: there were not six of them. Fourth, those whose works sold from six hundred to nine hundred copies: there were perhaps a dozen of them, of whom Alfred de Musset was one. Fifth, those whose works sold less than five hundred copies: the name of these was

legion, and Théophile Gautier was one of them—for his 'Grotesques' sold only two hundred copies.

Besides this classification of the French novelists of fifty years ago into five classes according to the circulation of their works, Girardin added a statement of the prices paid to these authors for their novels; and M. Claretie notes that it was estimated then that there were perhaps two hundred people in France ready to buy the best literary novelties, and that there were about eight hundred reading-rooms and circulating-libraries. With this restricted market the French publishers then, working in a vicious circle as the English publishers do now, put a high price on every volume and tried to spread out a story into as many volumes as possible. They did not pay a royalty on the copies sold, they bought the copyright outright for a lump sum paid down on receipt of the manuscript. According to Girardin the two authors of the first class, Victor Hugo and Paul de Kock, might hope to receive three or four thousand francs for a novel, while those of the second class—in which Balzac was—received from fifteen to seventeen hundred and fifty francs. Writers of the third and fourth classes might get from five hundred to twelve hundred francs for their fictions. The many unfortunates who filled the fifth class were forced to sell their manuscripts for sums varying from one hundred to three hundred francs.

A scant half-century has changed all this. A time of many readers and a time of cheap books have arrived together, each helping the other. Of a novel by a well-known writer now edition follows edition: and it is as well to note that in France an edition may be taken roughly to mean a thousand copies. Sometimes five and ten and even twenty thousand copies are printed before publication to meet the advance orders. Three stories of M. Zola's have reached an aggregate sale of nearly three hundred thousand copies. These are 'Nana,' which is in its hundred and twenty-third edition; 'L'Assommoir,' now in its ninety-eighth; and 'Pot-Bouille,' in its sixty-sixth. His latest story, 'Au Bonheur des Dames,' lags behind as yet, not having attained its fiftieth thousand. Close after M. Emile Zola comes a new novelist, M. Georges Ohnet, who has written only three stories—'Serge Panine,' now in its eighty-sixth edition; 'Le

Maître de Forges,' in its seventy-fourth; and a recently published 'Comtesse Sarah,' already in its eightieth thousand. M. Alphonse Daudet yields but little to any one in point of popularity; his 'Rois en Exile' sold fifty-seven thousand, his 'Nabab' and his 'Numa Roumestan' sixty-two thousand. His latest novel, the strong and painful tale of religious bigotry and ascetic intolerance called 'L'Evangéliste,' is already in its thirty-sixth edition. M. Jules Claretie, whose 'Monsieur le Ministre' dealt with a subject closely akin to M. Daudet's 'Numa Roumestan,' saw its sale fall only two thousand behind that of his friend's novel, reaching sixty thousand. M. Claretie's later tale, 'Le Million' sold nearly fifty thousand, and his last novel, 'Noris,' has been published too recently to declare its circulation, but it bids fair to catch up with its predecessors. The charming Franco-American tale written by the reformed dramatist M. Ludovic Halévy and called 'L'Abbé Constantin' is in its fifty-first edition, and the younger and equally charming 'Criquette' has already achieved its forty-fourth. Mme. Henri Gréville is too prolific and too rapid a writer for any of her books to do her full justice; her more recent novels have not been quite as well received as the firstlings of her muse. As Mr. Whipple said of a writer now forgotten but widely read once upon a time, Mme. Gréville pierced the bull's-eye with her first arrow and she has been shooting through the same hole ever since. Her first hit, 'Dosia,' is in its forty-first edition, and 'Sonia' is in its twenty-fourth: perhaps none of the other of her books are out of their teens. The novels of M. Victor Cherbuliez, altho much liked in America, have never been very widely circulated in France; the greatest number of editions attained at any time by M. Cherbuliez having been reached with 'Le Comte Kostia,' which is now in its ninth thousand. This is a little surprising, but it is not as unexpected as the discovery made in collecting the notes for this list, that the sensational novelists, whose serial stories send up the circulation of a paper by thousands and tens of thousands, do not attract the more careful public, which cannot be tempted to read a story in slices. M. Xavier de Montépin, M. Fortuné de Boisgobey, and M. Arthur Arnold are the delight of the countless readers of the *Petit-Journal* and its fellows: but their books very rarely reach

a tenth edition, and the average sale is certainly not five thousand, if indeed it be three. Their tales of crime, adventure, mystery, and hair-breadth escapes are effective only in homœopathic doses, and when given in the ordinary and regular quantities they repel. Even the works of the late Emile Gaboriau, the greatest master of the art and mystery of detective-story writing since the death of Edgar Allan Poe, even the books wherein are given the deeds of the 'Petit Vieux des Batignolles' and the devices of the ubiquitous and omniscient 'M. Lecoq,' even these great masterpieces do not average a sale of ten thousand copies each. And only one of Gaboriau's books, 'Le Dossier 113,' has reached its twentieth edition.

This great development of the French reading public and this enormous increase in the circulation of the more successful French novels are the result of the awakening of the French people immediately after the war: at least one is inclined to accredit the effects to this cause, tho the precise working of the process is not wholly clear. Certainly our war had no such influence. Relatively, if not absolutely, the sale of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was as great as the sale of 'A Fool's Errand.' We are a reading race here in America, but the most successful American novel is not sold to the extent of eighty thousand copies in less than six months, as M. Ohnet's 'Comtesse Sarah' has been within the past half-year. It was thought remarkable when Mrs. Burnett's racy little tale 'A Fair Barbarian,' and Miss Woolson's fine and tender novel 'Anne' attained each of them a circulation ranging from ten to fifteen thousand copies within a year of their publication. And fifteen thousand copies is perhaps the utmost limit to which our very best novelists aspire. Special reasons other than unconditional literary merit have given to certain of the fictions of the late Dr. J. G. Holland and the present Mr. E. P. Roe a circulation not inferior to the most successful novels of American authors of higher fame. But plainly enough we have no half-dozen novelists whose latest works average a sale of from thirty to fifty thousand: and the French have. The French, it may be added, have not to fear the free rivalry of the imported British novel, to be had for the asking by any man who can control a printing-press.

And the direct reward of the French novelist is greater than

the reward of the American novelist. The French custom is to publish serial stories in the newspapers, and as there are many newspapers there is thus in France a greater demand for the novel than there is in America from the comparatively few magazines. The rates of pay do not differ greatly, altho a prominent French author can probably demand a heavier sum for the serial right of his story than any American author. From the sale in book-form, moreover, the American gets far less than the Frenchman. American novels sell at a price varying from one dollar, which is the most frequent, to two dollars, which is quite unusual. French novels sell at a uniform price of three francs and a half. The American author generally receives a royalty of ten per cent on the retail price, or from ten to twenty cents a copy. On a sale of ten thousand the American author might receive a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars—perhaps at the outside, and most infrequently, two thousand. The French author generally receives a royalty of one franc a copy. On a sale of ten thousand the French author is sure to receive at least two thousand dollars. A sale of ten thousand is very rare in America, while it is not at all uncommon in France. For his three novels M. Georges Ohnet has probably received about fifty thousand dollars.

It is also to be remarked that the successful French novel is very much more likely to be dramatized than the successful American novel, and that it is sure to be very much more profitable if it is dramatized. M. Daudet, M. Zola, M. Ohnet, and M. Claretie probably expect to see upon the stage the story of one out of two of their novels: they may indeed have written them with one eye on the theatre. There was a time when the French manager looked askant at the novelist and preferred to accept and to act an untried subject. But to-day this is all changed. Nowadays a notable novel is the best key to unlock the stage-door. A manager has even been known to engage to bring out a play solely on condition that its bold and unconventional story should first be broken gently to the public in the form of a novel. M. Ohnet's 'Serge Panine' and M. Albert Delpit's 'Fils de Coralie' were both plays before they were novels—but the novels were published long before the plays were performed.

In this highly flourishing condition of the novelist's trade, M. Emile Zola no doubt sees the full and complete triumph of the Naturalism of which he is the prophet. M. Zola willingly accepts pecuniary standards of artistic criticism. If a book sells widely it is because people like it, and therefore it is a great book. To M. Zola one man's judgment is as good as another's; he applies the principles of universal suffrage to literature; and he recognizes no supreme court to declare the popular verdict unconstitutional. The substance of the half-dozen volumes of æsthetic and literary criticism in which M. Zola has declared the true doctrine of Naturalism was neatly summed up by the late Sidney Lanier in two sentences: "(1) every novel must hereafter be the entirely unimaginative record of an experiment in human passion; and (2) every writer of the Romantic school in France, particularly Victor Hugo, is an ass." Hugo's works, as George Eliot said of Heine's, "are no Phidian statue of gold and ivory and gems, but have not a little brass, and iron, and miry clay mingled with the precious metal," yet the one clause of M. Zola's dictum is as true as the other. Victor Hugo is not an ass, and a novel cannot be a bare transcript of barren life relieved by no touch of imagination. As a fact, M. Zola is not true to his flag, for his own novels are not as bare and as barren as he says a novel ought to be; and he is guilty of using his imagination—now and then, not always. The best of his novels, the truly poetic '*Faute de l'abbé Mouret*,' is so far removed from the conditions of ordinary life that it is almost fantastic—but it is a good novel none the less; it is a strong, virile, romantic tale, dealing with people of flesh and blood, and handling natural and irresistible passion with skill and sobriety. Even '*L'Assommoir*,' in spite of its undue length and of the dirt which encumbered it and accumulated in its corners, was not entirely without imaginative touches. Of '*Nana*,' the less said the better: the book was wholly disgusting. It must be said, however, that even in the highly objectionable '*Nana*' there was nothing to stir the sensual appetite of a sickly and precocious boy; the story, far from setting out vice seductively, was rather an awful and cold-blooded warning against vice: it held up a grisly skeleton and let the fierce light play upon its decaying bones. In the still more ignoble '*Pot-Bouille*' vice is never

attractive ; it is always degrading : but the result of the exhibition is hideously indecent and wholly unhealthy and intolerable. It is the soiling influence of these books and not their immoral tendency which does harm. As Mr. Lanier said of two far better novels, the final result is "such a portrayal as must make any man sit down before the picture in a miserable deep of contempt for himself and his fellows, out of which many spirits cannot climb at all, and none can climb clean." Here, indeed, is the bane of M. Zola's system and practice : it is soiling. In the exclusion of healthy people and of the ordinary scenes of life the writer is driven inevitably to the description of sickly people and of dirty things. He who touches pitch is defiled. He who reads 'Nana' or 'Pot-Bouille,' or even the latest and less offensive 'Bonheur des Dames,' must wash in water seven times and remain unclean until even.

The road along which M. Zola and his disciples are travelling, and which they take for the highway, is in reality a *cul-de-sac*, and there is No Thoroughfare. Sooner or later they must retrace their steps. As M. Schérer has taken pains to point out, the attempt to describe what has hitherto been left undescribed must fail at length for want of what will bear description. There are some things—and they are not a few—which common consent declares indescribable either because they are high and sacred or because they are low and loathsome. Sooner or later the Naturalists exhaust their material ; they come to the point beyond which they dare not go for fear of common decency and the police. The faster M. Zola and his little band of imitators rush along this path, the quicker will they arrive at the barrier. In their haste to astonish and to shock and to outdo one another, they are going very fast indeed. Where M. Zola's rate of progress is arithmetical, that of his young rivals is geometrical. The end is at hand. Indeed, the evil must soon work its own remedy. The great trouble with these young men who have or affect to have an overwhelming contempt for those who do not like to look on dirt and who would rather not live on a dunghill will be when they have come to the end of their tether, when they hear the call to repentance, and when they wish to abjure sack and live cleanly. Rome was not reformed in a day, and we cannot slough off our bad habits in the twinkling of an

eye. In M. Zola's latest novel, for example, '*Au Bonheur des Dames*'—the subject of which, by the way, is fundamentally, identical with the subject of Richardson's '*Pamela*' and therefore open to the same obvious objections—there are signs a plenty of an evident desire to be decent and cleanly: and it is true that there is not as much unpleasant matter in the '*Bonheur des Dames*' as in '*Nana*' or '*Pot-Bouille*.' But the book is deadly dull: in the effort to be decorous M. Zola is unspeakably stupid and wearisome and none the less is the tone of the book hopelessly low and grovelling. As we read it, we feel as if we were turning over the soiled linen of humanity. M. Zola has a total incapacity to be other than ignoble. To him the best of men, the highest and the worthiest, is a fellow of base instincts and mean desires. Long before M. Zola, Wordsworth proclaimed a return to nature, but M. Zola's work is a constant denial of Wordsworth's noble declaration,

" 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest and most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked."

That M. Zola labors under this disability to look on the bright side or even to acknowledge that there is a clean side is most regrettable, for his native ability is indisputable. He has power beyond question. His work conveys an impression of main-strength. Two or three of his disciples are clever young men. One of them is a man of very great ability. This is M. Guy de Maupassant, the nephew of the late Gustave Flaubert. It is to Balzac primarily that the Naturalists do obeisance as the great master; but they are willing also to burn a candle or two before the shrine of Gustave Flaubert. While the '*Comédie Humaine*' of Balzac is the Bible of the Naturalists, the '*Madame Bovary*' of Flaubert is admitted into the Apocrypha as worthy to be read and pondered. '*Madame Bovary*' must indeed be taken as the masterpiece of Naturalism—an accidental masterpiece it may be; at any rate Flaubert was unable to repeat his bull's-eye, tho he kept on firing at the same

target with the same gun. M. Guy de Maupassant has inherited not a little of his uncle's ability. His latest novel and his best, 'Une Vie,' is the revelation of a very striking talent—absolutely misapplied. It is not that his book is vicious or indecent; it is not that it is hideous or degrading; for none of these epithets can fairly be applied to it. But it is a painful tale and a pitiful. 'Une Vie' is as cold and as hard and as merciless as 'Madame Bovary,' with which novel it has many points of likeness. Both stories are unnecessary, while perhaps not unprofitable; both depict the life and death of a woman to whom existence has been hard. Madame Bovary is naturally vicious and corrupted, and she goes to the devil headlong in her own fashion. The heroine of 'Une Vie' is naturally pure and honest and made for happiness, but her life is one long misery. Every salient detail of her wretched existence is set down in black and white with uncompassionate iteration. The girl never has a chance of happiness, tho endowed with a great capacity for it. From the beginning of the story, almost, she is a sufferer,—a patient, innocent, meek, helpless sufferer. With the hero of the 'Rehearsal' the heroine of 'Une Vie' might say,

"The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,
And, when she writ my name, she made a blot!"

M. de Maupassant's touch is more sympathetic than Flaubert's and less brutal; and he is a gentleman, which M. Zola is not. Yet it is plainly in accordance with M. Zola's tenets that M. de Maupassant goes into minute physiological details and describes what has not hitherto been described in books of literary pretensions. So well does M. de Maupassant write and so firm is his hand, that we resent these compliances with M. Zola's code as personal injuries. We are shocked and pained; and we long to get away from the scene, as if we were intruding actually on the privacy of domestic life. It was probably the presence of these passages, fortunately few in number, however execrable in taste, which led the respectable firm of Hachette & Co., who monopolize the railroad news-stands throughout France, to refuse to sell 'Une Vie.' Now, M. de Maupassant's book is not spoon-meat for babes, but it is not likely to hurt any one

who would read it; and it is far healthier in tone than anything M. Zola has written—and Hachette & Co. sell M. Zola's works freely.

Yet for M. de Maupassant's books as for M. Zola's we may borrow a criticism of Mr. Lanier's on 'Humphrey Clinker' and 'Tristram Shandy'—"I protest that I can read none of these books without feeling as if my soul had been in the rain, dragged, muddy, miserable." A great deal of modern French fiction is hard reading and painful. The poet Gray's idea of happiness was to lie on a sofa and read French novels all day long. The French novels that Gray liked were the Moral Tales of M. Crébillon *filz* and the amusing romances of M. Marivaux. The highly cultivated taste which liked these fine flowers of a corrupted court would be shocked and chilled by the French novels of the Third Republic, which are as dreary, many of them, as a document and as pessimistic as a Nihilistic proclamation. There is little life or gayety in modern French fiction. There is elaborate description, and there is minute analysis. Both of these qualities are also to be found abundantly in modern English fiction. But modern English fiction, however inartistic it may be in its construction and whatever failings and faults it may have, is at least not as dull and dreary. Dickens is as realistic in his love of detail as Balzac; and George Eliot has dwelt on provincial life with the same painstaking devotion as Flaubert. But in Dickens there is something warm and hearty; and George Eliot's 'Adam Bede' and 'Silas Marner' are not as cold and as gray as Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary.' The characters chosen by Dickens and by George Eliot are as humble in station, as poor in this world's goods, and as ignorant and helpless as those chosen by M. Zola: but the effect produced by the Frenchman is wholly different from that produced by the two great English writers. And this difference is not merely a difference of ability, or rather it is not at all a difference of ability. As M. Ferdinand Brunetière has pointed out in his most acute and instructive essay on "Le Naturalisme Anglais," it is a difference of attitude.

"A profound sympathy for these monotonous lives and for these vulgar laborers is the soul of English Naturalism," says M. Brunetière; "French Naturalism, on the contrary, has nothing

but disdain and contempt for its Bouvards and its Pécuchets." Every stroke of Flaubert's long description of Yonville, the little village where Madame Bovary lives, is as sharp as the snap of a whip, and as biting: you cannot help seeing that Flaubert knew the place inside out and hated it heartily and despised the people in it. You seem to detect in every line of Flaubert the satisfaction of a grudge. But George Eliot describes her Saint Ogg's or Hayslope with the calm serenity of a large mind and a large heart. Lowly as her characters might be, and poor, and queer as might be their pride, you recognize at once that George Eliot felt their common humanity and moved gently among them as one of them herself.

The French novelist who in this respect most nearly approaches the English ideal is M. Alphonse Daudet. Dickens has been M. Daudet's schoolmaster. And moreover M. Daudet himself came from the South, from Provence. So it happens that his novels have a warmth, a movement, a hearty life, and a gayety of color lacking in the novels of his fellow-workers. M. Daudet has far more charm than Flaubert or M. Zola or M. de Goncourt, and he has far greater delicacy. His nature is richer, one would say; so his art is richer. And above all, he does not hold himself high above his creatures, as if he were observing them through a microscope. Yet altho M. Daudet is not as unsympathetic as his fellows and his friends, he has not the identity with his characters which is the distinguishing feature of the great English novelists. He has not the same faculty of putting himself in their places and of feeling with their senses. Even to M. Daudet the Nabab and Numa Roumestan are not his brothers, creatures of the same flesh and blood, but interesting creatures of his mind and memory to whom he always remains superior.

And then, too, M. Daudet has given in to the current Naturalistic delusion of describing everything. There is a deluge of description destroying the interest of half the French novels of late years. At every moment the story stops that the scene may be painted. This is a trick the Naturalists have caught from Balzac—whose best work is not infrequently disfigured by the introduction of long pictures of things and of places, all admirably overdone and all inartistically useless. The object of

description is to describe, to bring up in a single flash before the reader, the exact impression of the things or the place or the occasion, to reproduce its mental image. The best description is obviously the one which does this, which produces this effect, with the smallest expenditure of force and of time. Success in description lies along the line of least effort. Now the most of the modern French novelists think otherwise. They describe for the sake of describing. They mass and accumulate detail to the verge of fatigue. Sometimes they set forth this detail out of the fulness of knowledge, but more often they go forth deliberately and get up the facts, taking notes, and in a word "cramming" to write a novel—as tho it were a competitive examination.

M. Daudet's latest novel is less open to this objection than some of his earlier stories. 'L'Évangéliste' is a study of religious fanaticism incarnated in a woman of iron will, beating down all barriers and bearing all before her. M. Daudet is too keen an artist to stay a story like this for pictures of places. The march of events in 'L'Évangéliste' is as inexorable as fate;—indeed the French novel suggests a Greek tragedy in its simplicity and in so far as its personages are impelled and driven by an irresistible force. The Evangelist herself is a narrow-minded and strong-willed bigot, using immense force in the remorseless furtherance of a cast-iron fanaticism. The story is one which deserves careful reading by all who desire to know how fictitious and how unholy is the morbid excitement of the "revival" and the "camp-meeting." It is told with great strength and great sobriety: and it was perhaps impossible that it should be other than painful. But it is not violent and cold like the novels of M. Zola and M. de Goncourt.

Of course M. Daudet, in writing a book with a purpose and in trying to preach for the first time, bears down too hard now and again. But the desire to be instructive, to set forth a definite warning, gives his work a greater ethical richness. After all, morality is the best coloring-matter for the novelist. Art for art's sake is always a rather pale affair. It is not necessary for the moral to be tagged to the tail of the story, as Charles Lamb said, "like the 'God send the good ship safe into harbor' at the end of the old bills of lading." The Apollo Belvidere

teaches its lesson silently ; and it would not be as useful if you were to put an electric light in its hand or on its head.

“ The movement of a literature—a subject hitherto insufficiently studied ”— M. Schérer tells us—“ is governed by three great laws. The first is the changes which take place in the moral and intellectual state of the public. The point of view is in perpetual motion, especially in our modern societies ; and with the general point of view everything else changes, tastes like ideas, art as well as thought. It happens sometimes—and this is the second of the laws of which I speak—that the movement is not produced by a simple evolution of ideas, but, on the contrary, by a reaction more or less pronounced, the human mind rushing willingly and impulsively in the direction opposite to that it was going before. A third law, finally, and one not less frequently applied than the preceding, is that satiety is brought about by use and that the need of innovation is brought about by satiety.”

The truth of this dictum can be seen by any one who cares to consider the course of French fiction during the last ten years. Slowly the Naturalists gained ground and conquered the public. Once in possession, they ran riot and exhausted the popular patience. A reaction set in ; and the strained and labored novels of the Naturalists failed to satisfy the popular taste, which sought for fiction brighter and breezier, with greater relief and greater color, at once both calmer and more joyous. It happened that M. Zola's ‘ *Pot-Bouille* ’ appeared just at this critical stage of public opinion : and the dull and indecent tale was denounced as it deserved. It happened that M. Ludovic Halévy's ‘ *L'Abbé Constantin* ’ appeared almost simultaneously : and this cheery and pathetic little tale was hailed with delight and exalted to the skies.

M. Ludovic Halévy had been the partner of M. Henri Meilhac in writing between fifty and a hundred plays, comedies like ‘ *La Boule*, ’ operas like ‘ *Carmen*, ’ operettas like ‘ *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* ’ and the ‘ *Belle Hélène*, ’ and tearful pieces like ‘ *Froufrou*. ’ He had tired of dramatic authorship and dissolved the partnership. The neatness of touch and delicacy of style revealed in his plays and in certain lively little sketches were used in ‘ *L'Abbé Constantin* ’ in the telling of a

delightful story, as fresh and frank and innocent as any in the history of fiction. In time 'L'Abbé Constantin' has been followed by 'Criquelette,' the events of which are not quite so innocent, tho the moral is perhaps firmer. Both tales are simple and wholesome; and both are lighted and relieved by the use of an extraordinarily clear sense of humor.

It is to this same reaction from revolting themes and monotonous description that M. Georges Ohnet is indebted for much of his success. He came on the nick of time. M. Ohnet has no great originality; neither 'Serge Panine' nor the 'Maître de Forges' is strikingly novel in construction, in incident, or in character—altho the tragic mother-in-law of the first book is a firm figure and not at all hackneyed. But France is not a country with ten religions and only one sauce: M. Ohnet is a Frenchman who can serve you up any old situation with a new dressing so exactly to your taste that you can hardly declare you have met it before. The strength of M. Ohnet's hold on the public lies in the fact that he is a born story-teller. Now the born story-tellers are a precious few. "The truth is," Mr. Warner told us only the other month, "that the faculty of telling a story is a much rarer thing than the ability to analyze character, and even than the ability truly to draw character." This faculty of telling a story M. Ohnet possesses to the full. He does not analyze overmuch; he does not describe overmuch; he turns neither to the right nor to the left; he tells his tale simply; and a straightforward and healthy tale it is generally.

In this hasty review of the course of contemporary French fiction it has been necessary to pass over briefly or to omit altogether many names on which it would have been pleasant to pause. Names, however, are important rather according to what they represent than what they are. A name is of interest in this paper only as it stands for a group of writers or for a principle or for a tendency: if it speaks for itself alone, there is no need to dwell on it. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, for example, have written a notable series of historical novels, in which we are shown the behind-the-scenes of the great battles of the Napoleonic era. But MM. Erckmann-Chatrian stand apart; they have no followers, no imitators. They are therefore—all question of ability aside—of less consequence to us just now than

M. Zola, for M. Zola stands in the centre of a little knot of worshippers who break their censers against his nose when they write criticism, and who out-Zola Zola in hideous degradation when they write fiction.

In considering the movement and growth and evolution of a literature, we find that there are writers we may term sporadic, so wholly are they outside of the prevailing influences of the time. Mme. Henri Gréville and MM. Erckmann-Chatrian may fairly be called sporadic. There are those who have this attribute of great genius that they are above their time and yield relatively but little to the currents of the hour. There are others, more flexible and more impressionable, who seem to sum up the contending influences of the time. M. Jules Claretie is one of these. He is a very clever man, a brilliant writer, gifted with the story-telling faculty, having a keen eye for character and a strong feeling for situation. He has a manner of his own too; and yet he is even more important as a typical specimen of the novelist produced by the meeting and fusion of the opposing theories of fiction now in fashion in France. M. Claretie's novels show an artistic compromise between the principles of the Romanticists and the principles of the Naturalists. Having a well-balanced head, M. Claretie avoids the extravagancies of the first as his innate decency keeps him out of the depths of the last. To call M. Claretie a genius would be stretching a point; but he is a man of great ability, high cultivation, untiring industry, and sound common-sense. He is a hard worker and a good workman. He will not found a school; and yet in his novels we can see the model of French fiction for the next few years. To an abiding sense in the reality of life and to a strong grip on the facts of life M. Claretie unites a clean mind and an honesty of feeling and execution. He describes well, but he no longer lets his descriptive faculty run away with him. He knows Paris thoroughly and through and through,—its healthy homes even better than its haunts of dissipation and idleness. 'Monsieur le Ministre' was quite worthy of the comparison with M. Daudet's 'Numa Roumestan,' provoked by the accidental identity of subject. Indeed M. Claretie's book as a study of political life was far truer to exact fact than M. Daudet's, and quite as powerful in its effect. M.

Claretie's next novel, 'Le Million,' was as typical as M. Halévy's 'L'Abbé Constantin' of the revulsion of feeling in France in favor of decency. It was as decent and as innocent as the English novels which the French mother allows her daughter to read. And his latest story, 'Noris,' is to my mind the best of the three; and its sturdy honesty is heartily welcome. It deals with the conditions of life as they are in Paris, but it deals with them austere,ly, and there is no lingering along the primrose path of dalliance.

In the preceding pages I have endeavored to make clear the change which has come over French fiction in the past few months. There was first the slow evolution of Naturalism, with its power of drawing pictures and painting the lower instincts of man. In time Naturalism sank deeper and deeper in the mire. Suddenly the public revolted and clamored for something cleaner, and accepted with delight the graceful and charming tales of M. Halévy, the passionate intensity of M. Ohnet's stories, the poetic, altho painful tract of M. Daudet, and the honest and honorable novels of M. Claretie. Even M. Zola saw the signs of the times and heard the call to repentance, but—*ne fait pas ce tour qui veult*. The scent of the roses will hang round it still: M. Zola cannot rid himself of his mean views and of his degrading touch. And even when he would, he could not write cleanly. The vulgarity was not only in the theme M. Zola treated, it was also, and even more, in M. Zola himself.

Occasion serves here to say again what cannot be said too often, that morality does not depend on the reward of virtue or the punishment of vice or on the few words of sermon tagged to the tail of a story by way of valedictory. Morality does not even depend on innocence of subject, nor on the chastity of detail, nor altogether on the practical lesson which the story teaches, nor on the sympathy excited for the right characters. As M. Francisque Sarcey recently reminded us, morality is rather a question of effect than of logic. The question to be asked is, What is the total effect of the story? Virtue may triumph and vice be vanquished, and yet by such ignoble means that we revolt. The ultimate outcome of a story may be complete poetic justice; the good people being snatched up to heaven in a chariot of fire, while the bad people are all cast into

outer darkness where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; and yet fire itself cannot cleanse us from the soiling effect of the sordid meanness and moral degradation with which that very story may have contaminated us. True morality consists rather in the total effect on us. Does the reading of a novel or the seeing of a play elevate us or degrade us?—that is the question. Does it lift up the heart? Does it make a man better or stronger and nobler? Does it make him more of a man and more fit for high deeds and lowly duties? Does it sustain him, and give him strength, and make him more ready to rejoice in our common humanity, and more capable of the heroic self-sacrifice which may be demanded at any moment from any of us, even in this workaday world and in this matter-of-fact century? The future of French fiction depends on the presence of a morality which satisfactorily answers these questions.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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